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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

N O T E S O F T H E W E E K .

The Butler Report has naturally been a most exciting Parliamentary topic for the week. There has been much cross-questioning and some recrimination; and the upshot is a commission of inquiry. Though Mr. Balfour was originally inclined to think that a parliamentary committee would be the best method of getting to the bottom of the deplorable "Stores" scandal, the Government has now decided in favour of a commission, and in Thursday's debate Mr. Balfour promised to introduce a Bill which should confer statutory powers on the commission. As to the merits of the two kinds of inquiry, we are not disposed to attach importance to one in preference to the other, provided the chairman is a competent and experienced lawyer. A tribunal composed of laymen would not be competent adequately to weigh the evidence. Happily there is reason to believe that the Government will emphasise its judicial character by appointing a Judge of the High Court as president. Several members of the Opposition seem anxious to have a hand in selecting the members of the commission. Usurping the functions of the King is rather a "tall order" for a private M.P.

Mr. Morley on Tuesday touched on one of the most important features of the whole business, when he asked for information as to the reports which must have been rendered by the financial staff from the War Office who were sent to South Africa as advisers to the general officer commanding. As experts in such matters, it was surely the duty of these officials to make some inquiries as to how the sales were being conducted. At the close of a great war, there are always an enormous number of most difficult questions to settle; and the general in supreme charge could

obviously not have time to enter into everything personally. Thus on financial subjects he would naturally look to his financial advisers to keep him posted. Consequently it is exceedingly strange that throughout the report not even a reference is made to these officials, although several dark and veiled allusions are thrown out as to the responsibility of higher persons. But one of the most curious anomalies of Sir William Butler's extraordinary committee is that one of the financial advisers, Mr. H. J. Edwards, who went to South Africa to advise the general, was actually given a seat on the committee. According to the War Office list of 1903, he was "seconded for financial duties in South Africa (Supply Accounts) February to September 1903"; and during this period occurred some of the Meyer transactions upon which the committee so strongly comment in pars. 64 to 71 of their report.

More evidence of the irresponsible haste and prejudice with which the report was prepared is coming to hand. Colonel Morgan's legal representatives have already pointed out a serious flaw. Much was made of Meyer in the report, who is alleged to have been a moving spirit throughout. But it is now stated that there were two Meyers—a fact which appeared altogether to have escaped notice. Generally therefore we strongly advise the public not to be too hasty in forming an opinion until the evidence has been carefully sifted and heard on oath before a competent tribunal; and we again repeat our warning that both sides in this deplorable affair require careful watching, as there seems good ground for supposing that intrigues are afoot to find a desirable scapegoat.

It is satisfactory to find from the answers given by Mr. Arnold-Forster on Thursday that the War Office was perfectly correct in its attitude in regard to Colonel Morgan's libel action against the "Times" and his threatened one against the "Daily News". As regards the former action the question was whether the "Times" had had access to the documents at the War Office. Mr. Arnold-Forster's reply was that the "Times" was informed that all documents were open to their inspection if they desired to see them. This of course does not

affect the point about which the "Times" itself has complained—the adverse decision of the judge as to the admissibility of evidence at the trial which it wanted to produce. The judge must be taken to be right, unless he is appealed against, in refusing the evidence it had actually obtained. As to the "Daily News", which was threatened with an action for commenting on the Butler Committee's report, Mr. Arnold-Forster replied that the War Office had not suggested either directly or indirectly to Colonel Morgan that he ought to take these proceedings, but that he had taken action independently. So that all these invidious suggestions as to the War Office not being neutral in any future legal proceedings against newspapers founded upon its assumed previous favouring of Colonel Morgan go by the board.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has undoubtedly his grievances against Mr. Balfour. He has not been able to gather what are Mr. Balfour's real plans or views as to the fiscal question. All people who are in the same plight should sympathise with him. And then the dissolution has been delayed. From the unpleasing conversations which took place on Wednesday and Thursday in the House over the inquiry into the Army Stores scandals, it is clear that Sir Henry is smarting under these two injustices. He agrees that there should be an inquiry into the scandals, and apparently approves of the commission on which the Government have decided—instead of a special committee. Yet almost in the same breath he talks about the Government "sheltering" themselves behind such an inquiry, and thinks he would like Mr. Balfour to give facilities for a debate by which the Government may be attacked for any blame that may attach to it in the matter of these scandals. The blame first and by and by the evidence. To what device will not politicians resort in order to get into office or keep there?

The appointment of Mr. Lowther to the Speakership has led to several changes in office. Mr. Grant Lawson on Mr. Balfour's motion took Mr. Lowther's place at the table on Wednesday; Mr. Jeffreys will take over Mr. Lawson's duties at the Local Government Board; and Mr. Laurence Hardy will be appointed Deputy Chairman. Mr. Lawson has struck most observers as an unimaginative politician, but undoubtedly able; cool, solid, "level-headed": imagination or distinction in political thought is hardly needed in a Chairman of Committees. Mr. Jeffreys has made a special study of local government questions and should be comfortable in his new post. Mr. Hardy is little known in party politics, but the choice is none the less interesting for this.

On Wednesday Mr. Keir Hardie moved to reduce the amount of Mr. Gully's retiring salary as ex-Speaker from four thousand to one thousand a year. His main argument in support of this motion appeared to be that the Government had not given deserving people old-age pensions. We fail to perceive the most distant connexion between the two facts, but Mr. Hardie induced Mr. Crooks and a few Irish Nationalists to go into the Lobby with him. We remember Mr. Maclean M.P. describing a famous Leicester Radical M.P. as one who was always trying to make somebody pay his taxes for him. Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends can improve on this. Yet were it put to them, "Do you like the idea of being a public pensioner in your old age?" they would indignantly scout the idea. So would most of the thrifty and deserving people on whose behalf Mr. Hardie would dock the ex-Speaker's salary.

We have now entered on the last, and longest, stage of the Parliamentary session. It is the most trying for a ministry and the crucial period for legislation. Second readings can always be got through, but committee stage breaks the back of many a bill supported by the majority of the House. The Government have on hand two really important measures of social reform, the Unemployed Bill and the Aliens Bill. To get these

passed into law they will need determined persistence, with no hesitation to use all the powers at their command. The Aliens Bill has to face the full strength of the Opposition, whose best chance is always in the Committee stage, while the Unemployed Bill will be thwarted by the obstruction of a knot of Unionist malcontents. Whether from a party or from a national point of view it is vital to the Government to pass both these Bills.

The by-election at East Finsbury is too contemptible. One might not feel much enthusiasm over the contest or result, whatever it be, even if it were conducted with some show of decency. But it is little more than bargeeism. Mr. Renwick, Sir Edward Clarke, and others who have tried to make themselves heard on the Unionist side, have been treated in a way which might almost bring discredit to the kind of M.P. who bawled at Mr. Lyttelton in the House of Commons. But it is a better compliment in such company to be shouted down than listened to.

We may hope that the great prosperity of the year in India was solely responsible for the poverty of the discussion on the Indian Budget. But the unusually early date given to the discussion was due not to the growth of intelligent interest in India but to the one important disclosure which Mr. Brodrick had to make. He was able to announce the decision of the Government on the readjustment of the relations between the Commander-in-Chief and the military department of the Viceroy's Government, and he explained fully the general lines on which the new arrangements are to work. In the Blue-book which was published on Thursday some of the gaps in Mr. Brodrick's account are filled up. One of the most important is concerned with the procedure in conducting business between the Army Department and the Military Supply Department. The chief friction in the past is said to be due to vagueness in this relation. The Blue-book states that the member in command of the Military Supply Department should realise that his duties are more of a civil than a military nature and his business is "to assist the Commander in Chief in his endeavours to render the army in all respects fit for war".

It would appear that the functions of the military member—who will no longer be of necessity a soldier—are henceforth to be confined to the direction of a new supply department, in which the Indian medical and marine services are to be included. To the Commander-in-Chief, under direct responsibility to the Viceroy in Council, is left the command of all the purely military organisation, the personnel, mobilisation and in short everything except the supply of material which affects the efficiency and movements of the troops. As such a task would be beyond the powers of one man, a new post as Chief of the Staff is to be created. The proposal as it is expressed is sensible enough and we may hope, as Lord G. Hamilton suggested, that the scheme has not been framed merely to meet an individual case.

Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, speaking on Tuesday at a dinner on the sixth anniversary of the Corona Club, confessed to a fear that another anniversary or two would stale his variety. Yet if "aliquid novi" can always come from Africa the accumulated colonies should never cease to provide plenty of new stuff for after-dinner oratory. His own choice of subject, a review of the books of the year touching colonial themes, suggests an infinitely various topic. To take one point, it is remarkable that the best books about colonies are not written by colonials: and Canadians at any rate feel that Canadian writers and speakers accepted in England as authentic are the least qualified in many respects to express Canadian character. What a pity for example that Professor Drummond is so little known in England; and yet nobody has so touched to the life that interesting group of colonists, the French-Canadian habitant. The Corona Club might make it their business to set such things right

Despatches both from Tokio and General Linievitch suggest a general advance of Marshal Oyama's army; and in S. Petersburg it is believed that General Linievitch will face the attack probably at Chang-Chun. Activity was first renewed from the Russian side. General Mischenko made a reconnaissance in force on the left of the Japanese army and he appears to have operated within Mongolian territory. Immediately after his withdrawal the Japanese attacked and occupied after severe fighting Liau-yang-wo-peng. Soon afterwards an advance all along the line was begun, with General Nogi, also it seems in Mongolian territory, in advance on the left, threatening to envelop the Russian right. An engagement in which the Russians lost a good many men took place on the railway in the direction of Chang-tu. It is curious that from Russian sources a severe battle is reported to be impending, while from Japanese it is announced that no change in the military situation may be expected till after the first period of the rains. Some fighting has also taken place in North-East Korea where a few thousand Russians were forced to retreat.

The sinking in the neighbourhood of Hong Kong of the British ship "S. Kilda", bound for Japan with a cargo of cotton and jute, appears on the evidence to be the least excusable offence against a neutral committed during the war. Nearly a year ago Mr. Balfour expressed great confidence that no more neutrals would be sunk; and there is no doubt the Russian Government sincerely wish that their assurances on which he founded his expectation had been justified. Very specific agreements were concluded after the affair of the "Calchas", both on the general attitude to neutral commerce and on the special case of cotton as contraband, and with these the commander of the Russian cruiser "Dnieper" ought to have been familiar. A strong protest has been sent by Lord Lansdowne and satisfactory assurances were given by Count Lamsdorf; but the difficulty is that the Russian Government is entirely ignorant of the whereabouts of the cruiser and the power for harm which belongs to an irresponsible commander left without obligation to a fleet is for a while all control.

The Tsar received a deputation from the Moscow Zemstvos on Monday. An address was handed to him and Prince Sergius Troubetzkoi, a professor at Moscow University, then delivered a short speech. Its conclusion was not a little remarkable as an indication of the views of the Zemstvos towards the question of peace. The bureaucracy to which, he said quite plainly, the Tsar was too ready to listen was the enemy; "the people's elect" the friend. In summoning them he concluded, "lies our only hope of escape from civil war and a shameful peace. You alone can unite Russia again". The Tsar's reply was sympathetic. After some expression of regret for the war and the internal disorders, the Tsar is reported to have said, "My will is the sovereign and unalterable will and the admission of elected representatives to the work of the State will be regularly accomplished. I watch every day and devote myself to this work. You may announce that to all your friends dwelling in the country as well as in towns. I am firmly convinced that Russia will emerge strengthened from the trials she is undergoing, and that there will be established soon as formerly a union between the Tsar and all Russia, a communion between myself and the men of the Russian soil. This union and communion, which must serve as a basis for the order of things, stand for the original principles of Russia. I have faith in your sincere desire to help me in the task".

M. Rouvier's note, delivered to the German Ambassador this week, may mean the ultimate acceptance of the conference which the Sultan of Morocco proposes. It is understood that M. Rouvier, who is his own foreign secretary, has at any rate not absolutely refused to countenance the idea, but desires from Germany some preliminary assurances as to her attitude. The position will become strained if Germany should attempt to force on such a conference any decision

violently opposed to the terms of the Anglo-French agreement. The German reply is so far entirely conjectural; but if she does not care to limit her freedom it is quite open to her to argue that the conference is the Sultan's not hers, and that any definition of its scope from Germany would imply German responsibility. The internal condition of Morocco, which was and perhaps still is France's opportunity, is certainly complicated for the Moorish Government by the refusal of France to continue the privilege of transmitting arms and supplies across the Algerian frontier.

Count Fejervary's attempt to form a ministry at once brought to a head the Hungarian crisis. A continuance of ministries formed without regard to Parliamentary majorities had become impossible after Count Tisza's resignation and the coalition of the Opposition; but it is not unlikely that events in Norway and Sweden accentuated the crisis. Among many cries, sarcastic and gross, with which the Premier was greeted, "Hurrah for Norway" was the most prevalent. The action of the House in discussing the King's two rescripts amounts practically to Parliamentary revolution. After the first rescript had been read appointing the new Cabinet the Opposition refused to hear the second rescript till the first had been discussed. Count Fejervary objected that according to the custom of centuries the King must be heard in the House. He was supported by Count Andrassy, but when the opposite view was taken by the House and the President he withdrew with the members of his Cabinet as a protest. In a scene of great confusion, which followed his withdrawal, the King's second letter proroguing Parliament was read and on the motion of M. Kossuth a vote of no confidence was passed. A similar motion was carried in the Upper Chamber of the Hungarian Diet.

Everyone will admire the dignity of King Oscar's acceptance of the separation from Norway. At a special meeting of the Rigsdag on Wednesday he persuaded the Rigsdag to appoint delegates to frame a preliminary convention with Norway, that the two nations, if they could not achieve the unity which it had been the whole effort of his reign to maintain, might at least find a way of common friendship. The speech itself, as much perhaps for its fine emotion as the decision it conveyed, will do more to this end than anything else could. Indeed the good it has done in relieving irritation is already apparent. The Storting's reply to the King's letter was in itself an admirable document, and the acknowledgment that the King had not legally transgressed in any degree what he thought to be his duty under the constitution has had as good an effect in Sweden as the King's speech in Norway. Twenty-four delegates have been appointed by the Rigsdag and if in consultation with the Storting they succeed in arranging some convention it will then be submitted to the Rigstag, but the legal separation of the two countries will not be effective till such a convention is endorsed.

The court-martial on the four survivors from the wreck of the submarine A 8 was concluded at Devonport on Wednesday with their acquittal "of all blame for the loss of the vessel". No other opinion was expressed in the verdict beyond a regret that the commanding officer did not stop the engines sooner. The evidence showed that rather less than five minutes before the vessel sank Lieutenant Candy who was in command noticed that the water was rising round the bow of the boat and he sent down a succession of orders to tell the man at the diving helm to keep a better look out on his helm. About fifteen seconds after the last order he noticed the water rising dangerously near the top of the conning tower and was in the act of telegraphing to stop the engines when he was washed off, and had no time to close the conning tower. No reason for the diving of the vessel was brought out in evidence.

Mr. Rider Haggard's report on the Salvation Army Colonies in the United States and at Hadleigh is, as

Mr. Gerald Balfour described it in the debate on the Unemployed Bill, hopeful. Mr. Haggard has found that apart from certain preliminary ill-success these colonies have done very well, and might be followed up on a larger scale. He believes it is desirable to settle colonists not only in the colonies but at home. It would be necessary that the Imperial and Colonial Governments should advance loans; and a permanent superintending officer would have to be appointed by the Imperial Government. There will no doubt be the usual outcry about the perils of State interference, but Mr. Haggard believes in the vital necessity of settling people on the land, and is convinced that this can only be done satisfactorily by the State. Whenever a man looks at facts as they are, the "self-help" apostle appears foolish.

On Wednesday there was a meeting in Mercers' Hall of Old Paulines and others to consider a memorial to Mr. F. W. Walker, the retiring High master. The form decided on was a portrait to hang in the school, and, if there were any surplus funds, a Walker prize. This is certainly the best form a memorial could take; but there may and there certainly ought to be some difficulty in dealing with the surplus funds, for it is impossible to believe that the very large number who owe much of their success in life to Mr. Walker's extraordinary power as a master will not subscribe a far larger sum than the portrait will require, no matter who be the painter. And a mere prize does not take much capital. There should be a question of a scholarship. S. Paul's school is not rich in scholarships, though it has been very rich in scholarship.

Congresses in general, perhaps international congresses in particular, are not usually productive of more than words; and the ornithologists, who completed their meeting by a visit to Flamborough on Wednesday, have some reason to be proud of their own accomplishment. The common zeal for effective bird protection astonished most members of the Congress and it found expression in a motion of Mr. Walter Rothschild to telegraph to the Governments of Australia and New Zealand begging them to prevent the wholesale killing of penguins and petrels. It would be difficult to imagine a more ruthless picture of superfluous barbarity than the Tasmanian delegate gave of the "penguin harvest", though Tasmania has recently passed protective legislation. The only dissentient from Mr. Rothschild's motion was an American delegate, who took the view that if any men of science dared to suggest anything to his government they would suffer for it. His government in short regards itself as incorrigible.

It appears from certain experiments made at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, that the once famous controversy about the possibility of spontaneous generation is to be revived. Mr. John Butler Burke, whose credentials as a scientific experimenter are indisputable, has produced, by the agency of radium on apparently perfectly sterilised bouillon, cultures which exhibit some of the functions of living matter. Sir Oliver Lodge not long ago pointed out that results of this nature might be expected which may properly be considered to be of the nature of spontaneous generation. Mr. Burke's products have been examined by eminent men of science, and others have expressed cautious opinions about them. Mr. Burke's own statement is that at present what has been done suggests vitality; the products conform to the definition of life given by Herbert Spencer. At any rate it appears that they are of a unique character whatever the final demonstration of them may be.

We were pleased with an instance we came across the other day of the readiness of an attaché at the British Embassy in S. Petersburg. At dinner at the Palace he had the misfortune to upset his glass of claret. "Fait-on cela en Angleterre?" asked the Tsar from the other end of the table. "Oh! yes," was the answer, but in England "on ne le remarque pas".

THE MOORISH SEETHING-POT.

IT is useless after the occurrences of the past week to pretend that the question of Morocco stands where it did a month ago. We do not say that the time has yet arrived, or that it will arrive, for each Power to regain its liberty of action, but in any case it is quite clear that for every one of the parties affected the position has been modified. This must be primarily attributed to the inaction of France. Had she moved with the celerity and determination that the occasion demanded, she would long before this have established her authority at Fez and order would have been kept in the more accessible parts of the country. Why the decisive step was not taken at once is a mystery since action would then have been easy and opposition difficult. England had all along been the great obstacle, our influence was predominant at the Sultan's Court, and our trade with Morocco far exceeded that of any other country. We voluntarily—and foolishly—abdicated that position and left the field open to France. The state of disorder reigning in the country invited intervention, and all the Powers particularly interested in the Mediterranean had acquiesced in the Anglo-French agreement. Had France then occupied the position left open to her, intervention without war would have been impossible for any other Power. Interference must have taken the aspect of aggression, and the rôle of wanton aggressor is not one that any ruler wishes to play in the face of the world. If France had been actively occupied in organising Morocco for some months before the military and naval collapse of Russia, clearing the way for trade and making life and liberty secure for Europeans, Germany would never have intervened on the Sultan's behalf, and we should have heard nothing of a conference.

But the matter stands now on an entirely different footing. Disorder which France has done nothing to suppress is rampant throughout Morocco, and the Sultan has seized the opportunity to express his dislike of the whole arrangement proposed. This indeed is not strange, seeing that throughout this affair he, the most interested party, has been treated as a negligible quantity. Neither England nor France went through the formality of asking his approval of the proposed arrangement. They assigned to him a protector consulting him in the matter no more than the relatives of a troublesome little boy consult him in the choice of a tutor. He must have felt this as particularly unkind on our part, because he had always shown as pronounced a liking for us as he had a dislike to the French. However, we left the field clear and, as the Sultan still dislikes the French as much as ever and has no chance of enlisting our support, he has naturally jumped at the assistance offered to him and clings to Germany. We doubt the stories of Machiavellian intrigue on the part of Count von Tattenbach. His advice is more palatable than that of France or England, because the Oriental mind always prefers doing nothing to taking active steps, and a conference at all events means postponement and possibly disagreement among the Powers. This is sufficient to explain why the Sultan warmly supports the German proposals. And of course he sees no less clearly than the other Sultan at Constantinople the advantages of playing off against one another the jealousies of rival Powers. Thus the situation was entirely changed without any definite acceptance of a conference by all concerned.

There is no reason to doubt that this country will accept a conference if France is agreeable. No doubt in the face of this fact our categorical refusal to do so a few days ago looks rather absurd, but now we are told the refusal was not so categorical as was stated. That may be so or not; it matters little either way. The fact remains that we have thrown away our predominant position at the Moorish Court and Germany has taken our place, and if we go into a conference the whole question enters on another new phase.

The French papers are talking, and no doubt in perfect good faith, of the necessity of arranging beforehand the programme of such a conference. But even

if this be possible, it is impossible to limit the discussion at any international conference so rigidly that a question emerges at the end precisely as it went in. It is even suggested that France will be in a stronger position after such a conference than she would have been without it, for she will then go to Morocco as the mandatory of Europe under certain conditions. This may be soothing to French amour-propre but it does not really disguise the fact that she changes her status from independence to delegation. She will not hold Morocco as she does Tunis or Algiers but will only enjoy a limited control more in the nature of that once exercised by her with ourselves as the "mandatories" of Europe in Egypt. We shall of course loyally support France in any action she may take as long as there is reasonable ground for believing that she is capable of reducing Morocco to order and organising a proper system of government, but we imagine there must be a limit to the most loyal interpretation of obligations, and if she shows herself either too persistently supine or too little capable to give that security for life and property which every civilised Power has a right to demand for its subjects, we may at last be obliged to take steps on our own account or in company with others.

Every day shows that in getting rid of M. Delcassé with undignified haste France has lost prestige, and has not made her own pathway absolutely smooth. Germany is not the Power to withdraw her foot from Morocco when she has once planted it there. Her influence with the Sultan means the obtaining of business, and thereby a certain diminution of French chances in that direction, nor will French policy be free to take its own course if it has once conceded the whole principle of the open door. The once very practical hope of a Morocco quietly absorbed into the French Empire on the same basis as Algeria goes with the acceptance of a conference and the admission of Germany's right to interfere.

Such a dénouement must be accepted as a triumph for Germany. M. Delcassé's policy of leaving her out in the cold perishes with its author, but it would not be altogether fair to attribute this failure entirely to the unreadiness or reluctance of France to fight. The policy fails, for the moment at all events, because the corner-stone is knocked out of it. This corner-stone was the effective support of Russia and its disappearance tells no less strongly against ourselves. If Russia becomes for a time a really negligible quantity in Europe, there is nothing to prevent the preponderance of Germany. Both the French army and navy have been seriously disorganised by the disgraceful administration to which they have recently been subjected, and socialistic propaganda, as the word is understood on the Continent, has done much to weaken their fighting spirit. This being so, it is a significant comment on the intelligence of our newspaper press that it failed, and its most anti-German elements more than any, to see the folly of welcoming the collapse of Russia and emphasising the isolation of Germany. The Russian collapse inevitably involves the rise of Germany to predominance in Europe. The temporary effacement of Russia has upset the balance of power, and it is against the interest of this country that any one of the Continental powers should be predominant.

THE RENEWAL OF THE JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

JAPAN is no doubt well aware of the fact—which people in England rather overlook—that her position as an ally was materially changed by the battle of Tsushima. The sense of acute national danger which overhung her is removed and she is additionally valuable as an ally to the full degree in which the proved surpasses the potential. It is true that an alliance with England is very desirable for her but it is no longer a necessity. Sound speculation therefore bids us anticipate that a new alliance will differ from the old both in stringency and scope and that we shall no longer be limited to the chances of an attack by two enemies. Japan will desire such an alliance as will effectually prevent the reopening for many years of a

struggle which, though victorious, she has found exhausting. She has no intention of imitating the career of oriental States in the past which have conquered and accumulated territory but have not aimed at commercial and industrial development. She has already imitated the West by the creation of great manufacturing and trading interests and she desires peace to make the most of them. We are convinced that in one respect the fears expressed by some able writers are groundless. This country will not bind itself to support any wild schemes of aggression ambitious Japanese politicians may desire. If an offensive and defensive alliance takes the place of that now existing, which of course involves the abandonment of two Powers as the necessary standard of opposing forces, we have still no ground for believing that we shall bind ourselves to be the mere tools of Japanese vanity and that no scope for remonstrance, persuasion or pressure will be left to our diplomacy. All treaties are liable to the restraints of common-sense and reason. Such treaties as bound Napoleon to his vassal states are not treaties in the acceptance of the term by which we define such arrangements as those binding us to our equals. When the existing stipulations uniting us to Japan were made public some capable commentators displayed nervousness as to the adventures in which we might be landed. Events have shown them to be wrong. The Japanese have given proof of a self-restraint which at all events is evidence of common sense. The mere name by which a treaty may be called serves little and the diplomacy of either party to it must be futile indeed which cannot restrain the other by express stipulations or subsequent pressure from indulging in wild adventures at the expense of its partner.

But fears of this nature hardly seem practical politics. There are difficulties enough in the future without imagining the grossest ineptitude in our diplomacy. As matters stand at present, we are bound by the existing treaty so long as the war may last, but there is no longer any reasonable ground for apprehension that its prolongation or the negotiations for peace will involve us in much trouble. With the destruction of the last Russian fleet there disappeared the possibility of any European intervention in the Far East, and the nervousness exhibited by some writers as to "pressure" being exercised on Japan by the friends of Russia seems little less than absurd when we remember the extreme astuteness of our allies and their very clear perception of their own interests. Germany is not likely to embroil herself with Japan in order to bring back the Russian armies more quickly to her Eastern frontiers. Apprehension on behalf of Japanese diplomacy is certainly waste of nervous tissue. Our own future standing in Asia calls for much more deliberation.

We may safely assume that no sentiment binds Japan to our side. Japan will make use of us so far as serves her purpose or we let her, and that attitude is mutual, but we have similar ends, and so long as they remain similar the alliance will hold. An alliance for all purposes will secure the peace of the Far East for the next twenty years according to all human probability. What Power will invade those seas when patrolled by our fleets? And it is difficult to see how any Power but Russia could attempt aggression on land. If the provisions of the new treaty contain a clause guaranteeing the assistance of a large number of Japanese troops on the Indian frontier on our demand, the menace of Russian aggression in those regions is reduced to small proportions. Not inconceivably Russian desire for development might turn again in directions which would be found less agreeable to other Powers than ourselves. Therefore we believe that peace for many years in Asia, or at all events in those parts of it in which we are immediately concerned, will follow upon a close alliance with Japan. This indeed is the justification for its conclusion; on any other grounds it would be inadmissible. The drawbacks are evident, though at present they are not so strong as to outweigh the advantages.

There are more or less serious disadvantages of sentiment. These are perhaps of more force in Eastern countries than in Europe. Not long ago a remarkable

article appeared in the "Tempt" from its correspondent in Japan describing the landing of some Russian prisoners. On seeing those Europeans humiliated before the Asiatic the community of feeling among the Europeans present asserted itself whether they were hostile to Russia or not, and they instinctively drew together as they left the scene. There are circumstances in which this sentiment might assert itself to our disadvantage. In the second place there arises a more practical question, how far the consolidation of Japanese Power, which the new treaty will assure, may affect our Eastern influence. It is certain that many experienced officials believe that the triumphs of Japan are already working some subtle change in the Oriental view of Europeans in general. The idea that after all the Oriental armed with modern appliances can successfully encounter the armies of Europe was probably not without some influence upon the recent negotiations in Afghanistan and led the Amir to rate his own troops as potential enemies of the Russians at a much higher value than facts justified. Some say this idea is also spreading quietly among certain of our Indian feudatories, who are beginning absurdly enough to reckon their own capacity for military service by a Japanese standard. Probably this view of the situation arises more from apprehension than experience, but it may have enough foundation to justify consideration. But whatever mischief there may be in it is already done, and India does not lie within the field of Japanese activity. There is no reason to anticipate any missionary enterprise of Japan on behalf of the Asiatic idea; though she might use the idea for her own national ends. A more considerable danger threatens from her future relations with parts of our Empire which are not Asiatic. In fact it is very difficult to see what effective answer we can give to a protest on her part against the exclusive policy pursued by some of our colonies towards her subjects. She has proved herself the superior of a great European Power in the field and at least her equal in all the humanities of warfare. She enjoys an alliance on equal terms with ourselves. By what logic then can her subjects be excluded from some of the King's dominions as unfit to work and live in them? Our only answer can be that we have no control over colonial legislation which amounts to saying that our empire is nothing but a very loose confederation with no central authority—which is unfortunately the fact. These reflections must raise doubts, but in considering alliances the demands of the present are peremptory; while the far future is generally left to take care of itself.

ANTI-SOCIAL CONSERVATISM.

THE Government has done very well in sticking to its Unemployed Bill in spite of the inevitable objections of a furious little group amongst its ordinary supporters. Ministers are usually much more afraid of this kind of opposition than of their recognised opponents. Having done so much, and obtained a large majority for the second reading of the Bill, the Government must continue to disregard the croakings of a mostly unintelligent group of individualists and get this important piece of legislation passed into law this Session. If it does this, the praise for courage which in this matter appears to be its due will be abundantly deserved. If it also adds to this the Aliens Bill, it will secure the recognition of the country that it has effected really substantial steps in social reform. But it is unfortunate that in the last lap of the session both bills are only at the same stage and have yet to go through committee. The Government may certainly very well complain of the obstruction it has encountered from the small section of fiscal reformers who could only get two or three free fooders to support them in their perverse hatred of the Unemployed Bill. With the one exception of Mr. Cripps, their views on matters of this sort are not worth considering and ought to be disregarded. They do not even hold their fiscal opinions intelligently, or they would see that they oppose the Unemployed Bill on grounds which are quite inconsistent with support of fiscal reform, which means the care and regulation of industry by the State. Yet they stand up in the House of Commons and declaim hotly against the Bill because it is what they

call an interference with the ordinary conditions of industry. If there is plenty of work the men may be thankful; if not they may starve, with no alternative but unproductive pauperism. That is the last word of these remarkable members of Parliament. Why do they not tell the working-men when they talk to them of tariff reform that putting on duties will sap their independence because it is intended to create work for them by the intervention of the State? They talk about unproductive labour, and yet according to their way of thinking and speaking, what would the extra wages be which workmen are to get under the tariff system but a bonus given them by the public. But this way of arguing as to the tariff would be as stupid as it is to say that unless men are treated as unproductive paupers they are demoralised because their labour is not entirely self-supporting. These allies of the Cobden Club and the Charity Organisation Society with their stupid individualism are a very sterile section of the Conservative party, especially at present, when it is once more asserting its traditional State doctrine of the control of industry against the Liberal theory of the non-interference of the State. Yet these inconsistent members of Parliament will no doubt on the platform taunt trade unions with the inconsistency of being protectionists on the one hand and free traders on the other. It is very unfortunate for the Government that it should be hampered in sound legislation by opponents of this sort who may fitly enough be called the stupid party amongst Conservatives.

These men we can gauge; but we cannot understand how an able man like Mr. Cripps can repeat their futile prophecies and ancient arguments. Take his proposition that a local authority has no right to give one farthing in order to provide employment for people who could not get work under the ordinary conditions prevailing at any given time. The answer is Mr. Long's answer that at present there are being spent in London and the great municipalities vast sums of money which are spent extravagantly and without any good results to those employed. Mr. Cripps speaks of improving the industrial organisation; but there is no conceivable organisation of society where industrial changes would not make hitherto industrious and skilful workmen social incumbrances. It is claptrap indeed if the suggestion is that protection would avoid it. We are as convinced tariff reformers as Mr. Cripps, but the process we have mentioned cannot be stopped by tariff reform or anything else. There is no preventing it, but if we have done with pure individualistic theories there are methods, and the Bill is one of them, that will remedy at least some of the worst effects. The vicissitudes of employment leave a body of unemployed people who baffle all the efforts of the poor law to deal with them. The municipalities are faced with the fact that from time to time their towns are full of starving men women and children. They say they are not prepared to stand by and see the deserving made paupers, and so they relieve them with municipal work. The rates are already perforce applied to relief in such cases, and it is the merest pedantry to object to acknowledge the inevitable and assume legal and wise control of it. The Bill does not encourage extravagance, but is a means of preventing it. Nor is it, as Mr. Cripps describes it, a recognition of the right of all the working classes in the country; but an attempt to prevent the workless working classes from becoming dependent on the poor law, as are so many who would not be if they had been helped as the Bill proposes to help them. It is the want of such help that produces demoralisation. And where is the extravagance if it is not in the poor law at present which lumps up the worthless and the deserving on one indiscriminate scale of treatment and is thus making its administration a scandal? The Bill offers a chance of escape from this vicious system. We are not treating of the details of the Bill. A good deal of criticism was captious and was sufficiently answered in the debate. Certain well-known dangers, such as its optional application out of London, have been avoided. It is possible to embody its sound principle into a workable measure, and we trust the Government will see that it is passed.

DR. LANKESTER'S COMPLETE MESSAGE.

DR. RAY LANKESTER had the misfortune to be badly reported in the daily press. There were many matters in his notorious Romanes lecture of the greatest interest, almost of novelty, and it has not received the attention it justly deserves. As often happens, only the most contentious portion was given prominence, his indiscriminating attack on the value assigned to classical studies at Oxford. In the reports the philistine appeared almost unredeemed; but the full reprint now issued by the Clarendon Press of "Nature and Man" reveals certain qualifications to the sweeping charges of impotence, futility, and infertility which Dr. Lankester brought against the teaching of the classics as a method of education. All this however has often been said, and with much more discrimination and appreciation of the actual value of classical studies, after all deductions have been made for the defects of the curriculum. An essay by the late Professor Henry Sidgwick on "The Theory of Classical Education" which appeared nearly forty years ago contains everything Dr. Lankester said, and much more, as to the new balance introduced into education by the advance of science, and its bearings on the most important problems of the practical welfare of man, and even on the speculative problems of philosophy. In fact so noticeable is the similarity of design in the essay and the lecture that Dr. Lankester must, we feel sure, have read the essay with hearty approval. Professor Sidgwick was not a biologist; Dr. Lankester is a very distinguished one. The real value of his lecture consists in the very striking manner in which he explains the possible triumphs of biological study and investigation and their practical application to the well-being of man and society. On this question we can listen to Dr. Lankester with intense pleasure. As enthusiasts are apt to do, he may exaggerate the efficacy of his particular method of eliminating the unhappiness of the world, but he is doing society a service in insisting that it is neglecting, through ignorance and apathy, a most powerful instrument of its progress.

It cannot be admitted however that he has thrown any new light on the debate between the classicists and the anti-classicists. In no respect can the lecture be considered as a satisfactory treatment of this most difficult subject. It would have been better if Dr. Lankester had let his lecture carry its own moral without deriding and sneering at classical studies; and he would have improved it as an artistic production. But Dr. Lankester is so headlong a controversialist that he could not see that his biological matter was too important to be used as a poem to the proposition that Greek shall not be compulsory in Schools. As he has contributed nothing new to the well-worn topic of the value of classical studies the defence for them on their own ground remains as it was; there is nothing in Dr. Lankester's lecture which needs answer on this point. But it is curious that he speaks of the relative position of classics and science as he might have done fifty years ago. One would think that nothing had been done in the interval; whereas it is evident that a vast change has taken place in the direction he desires. Changes at the old Universities and the schools and the founding of new Universities are all indications that the point of view of Dr. Lankester has been considered; but it by no means follows that the result of experience will be to relegate classics to the position he assigns to them. Most of the science teachers at Oxford are of opinion that there is no preparation for the study of science so good as the discipline of the classics. The exclusive devotion of youth to the science with which they are to be engaged in their future lives does not make them better scientists nor does it tend to the benefit of science itself. This agrees with the well-known report of the German professors on the value of classical studies as a preliminary training for those who intend to enter on scientific investigation. So that Oxford is not doing so much harm as Dr. Lankester fancies by refusing to become the purveyor of "useful knowledge".

The really suggestive and valuable portion of the lecture is the description of man's unique place in nature as an exception to the process of natural selec-

tion and survival of the fittest, which until his appearance had been the law of the living world. Man forms a new departure by virtue of his knowledge, reason, self-consciousness and will. In countless ways he interferes with nature's provisions and above all with "nature's inexorable discipline of death to those who do not rise to her standard". Wherever he is he persists without losing his specific structure and acquiring new physical characters according to the requirements of new conditions, and without becoming a new morphological "species" as other animals do when the conditions of their environment change. He does not conform to the conditions he makes them serve his own ideal; and he does this by acquiring increasing knowledge of nature's laws and applying them to his purposes. But there is a grand danger in this. "Civilised man has proceeded so far in his interference with extra-human nature, has produced for himself and the living organisms associated with him such a special state of things by his rebellion against natural selection, and his defiance of nature's pre-human dispositions, that he must either go on and acquire firmer control of the conditions or perish miserably by the vengeance certain to fall on the half-hearted meddler in great affairs." It is possible that there is no disease, as man knows it, amongst animals who have not been subjected to the influence of man. They are either killed off and disappear altogether by the action of conditions unfavourable to them and by parasitic forms, or certain of them are strong enough to resist and become immune. Man keeps himself, and the animals he is associated with, multiplying in spite of the terrible diseases which have established themselves with him and are constantly ravaging him and weakening his vitality. Dr. Lankester gives various very interesting examples of this upsetting, by man's interference, of the delicate and efficient balance of nature. Dr. Lankester's point is that as man has brought these consequences upon himself he has the power by his knowledge of freeing himself from them if—we were going to say—he would only discontinue his study of the classics. More seriously, he contends that we are attaching importance to things which count for very little in face of the serious ills which we might remove by turning our attention to the study of nature's laws, which are incomparably the most important object to which we can direct our energies. "Within the past ten years the knowledge of the causes of disease has become so far advanced that it is a matter of practical certainty that by the unstinted application of known methods of investigation and consequent controlling action, all epidemic disease could be abolished within a period so short as fifty years." Yet he continues "So little is this matter understood or appreciated that those who are responsible for the welfare of States, with the rarest exceptions, do not even know that such protection is possible, and others again are so far from an intelligent view as to its importance that they actually entertain the opinion that it would be a good thing were there more disease in order to get rid of the weakly surplus population".

All this is undoubtedly impressive. And when Dr. Lankester gives an account of the discovery of a devastating bacillus and asks is not this "a thing of greater significance to mankind than the emendation of a Greek text or the determination of the exact degree of turpitude of the statesmen of a bygone age"? the proposition might be agreed to without dissent, were it not loaded with its covert sneer. After all however we cannot suddenly turn the institutions of society into cancer investigating machinery. There are so many things that we have to attend to in the meantime, even within fifty years, for which physiological inquiries and inquirers are little adapted. The war between Russia and Japan for example or the Morocco question; and then there are the fiscal question, and theological and educational disputes, and poor law and the unemployed problems, and literature and art, and a host of other things. These may be of comparative unimportance to an enthusiastic professor of biology, but you cannot persuade people to stop everything in order to apply themselves at once to breeding the human race on the most correct principles of heredity. Besides Mr. Wells, who is a great authority, let us say in non-academic circles, does not

believe that men can be bred as cattle are bred ; and what Mr. Wells believes there are many who never read a Greek play in their lives believe. And then there are the anti-vivisectionists who are just now obtaining a new lease of life ; and they pride themselves on being very deeply interested and instructed in such subjects, and would disdain the charge of ignorance which is ascribed by Dr. Lankester as the cause of popular apathy on the subjects of his lecture. Moreover it is quite evident that Dr. Lankester's zeal overlooks the fact that there are a good many others who would see strong objections to giving the men of science carte blanche to exercise "controlling action" even with the noble object of suppressing all disease. The suppression of disease will have to go pari passu with the suppression of other undesirable things, and Dr. Lankester must be patient. He must remember that vegetarians would abolish the classics or anything else if it would put a stop to the eating of meat. *Est modus in rebus*—if Dr. Lankester will forgive a little Latin ; which he probably will do because it is not Greek.

THE CITY.

THE baneful effect of foreign political affairs on the stock markets continues to be felt, and quotations for most of the finer securities are lower on balance, although the tone was slightly better at the close than during the first few days of the week. With the near approach of another settlement and the turn of the half-year there is little reason to expect any substantial improvement in the immediate future, and unless the position in regard to the peace negotiations becomes appreciably better within a few weeks the holiday season is likely to put a damper on any hope that the brokers may still entertain as to a revival in business : the half-year has been very disappointing to most firms we should imagine.

The railway traffics are especially interesting at this time of year, more particularly those of the Southern lines. A comparison of the returns for the current half-year with the corresponding period of 1904 shows a reduction in the figures of the North-Western, North-Eastern, Great Western, Great Northern, Midland, Great Eastern, Brighton and South-Eastern, whilst the Great Central, Lancashire and Yorkshire and South-Western relieve the monotony by exhibiting increases—the first-named especially having done well. But the published figures relate only to the gross receipts and as the policy of the companies has been to effect economies in various ways, the result shows that the net figures may be much more favourable although it is not probable that the whole of the leeway will be made up. The improvement in the figures for the past week—which of course included the Whitsun holidays—was fairly general and a certain amount of small investment buying caused an improvement in quotations, chiefly in South-Eastern Ordinary which rose a full point.

American railroad stocks have rallied and steel issues have been particularly good. We do not consider the improvement due to any extension of public interest on this side and there is no indication that the public on the other side have bought. The technical condition of the market however which carried a "short" interest is mainly responsible as "bear" covering was in evidence. It is again stated that the quarterly report of the Steel Corporation will prove a bumper and this has had the effect of scaring the "shorts" in the stocks carrying with it a sympathetic recovery in other stocks.

The selling of South African mining shares from Paris has been fairly constant although the volume of stock on offer has been appreciably less. The main point of attack during the past week has been in De Beers which fell to 16½ at one time but have since recovered. The continued depreciation in Kaffir shares is of course most discouraging to the public who hold their investments at much higher prices, and it is a thankless task to preach patience to those who have exercised that virtue for so long. But it is necessary to inform those who may not be in intimate touch with the Stock Exchange that

much of the depreciation is due to the "bear" operations of one of the South African houses which should be among the best supporters of the market. It is unnecessary more particularly to indicate the firm referred to as any respectable firm of stockbrokers would be in a position to name the house, and it might be desirable for investors to become acquainted with the name for future guidance. The utter callousness and cynicism of these persons, who are virtually trustees for the numerous shareholders of their companies, is truly contemptible and disheartening to a degree to those who wish well for the South African gold industry. Unfortunately the great wealth of the firm in question makes it almost impossible for them to be caught as a "bear", but their present policy stifles the support which other houses are giving to the market. The technical condition of the market naturally becomes stronger with every "bear" sale, and although it does not appear likely that any improvement will take place immediately, the facts should deter those from selling who may be in a position to see it through : every sale from a bona-fide holder of shares plays into the hand of the "bear" clique.

The public issues during the past week have been entirely connected with industrial undertakings, the most interesting being that of Claudio Ash Sons and Co. This company has been formed to acquire the businesses of Claudio Ash and Sons and Ash and Co., the first named being merchants and manufacturers of dental materials, instruments, and appliances, whilst the latter are manufacturers of mineral teeth, dental rubbers and materials. We imagine that the profits shown by these two companies will surprise most people as they are not concerned with an industry which—except in an applied form—comes prominently before one. The profits shown are in a steadily increasing ratio, and have expanded from £53,000 in 1900 to £72,000 in 1904. The capital of the new company is fixed at £1,000,000, £500,000 of which is in Ordinary shares and £500,000 in 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares : 420,000 £1 Ordinary shares and 400,000 £1 Preference shares are now being issued of which the vendors take 370,000 Ordinary shares and 133,333 Preference shares fully paid, in part payment of the purchase consideration. The average profit for the last three years is sufficient to cover the Preference dividend, directors' fees and to provide 7 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary shares with a surplus of £13,581 ; a satisfactory feature is that no underwriting has been paid and that the vendor company sells direct without any intermediary.

The prospectus of Messrs. Johnson and Phillips is not so satisfactory. The profits have decreased considerably during the past few years and this is attributed to the general depression in electrical trade. But a further unsatisfactory feature is the profit to be made in the sale and re-sale of the business by an intermediary syndicate which apparently bought at £260,000 this month and sells to the new company for £305,000. A novel feature of the 5 per cent. debenture stock now offered for subscription is that it becomes entitled to a further 1 per cent. in any year that the dividend on the Ordinary shares amounts to 10 per cent. or upwards.

INSURANCE.

THE NORWICH UNION LIFE OFFICE.

THE Norwich Union is one of the very few Life offices of which it can be said with every confidence that a man cannot make a mistake by going to it for assurance. Many first-class companies are excellent for some policies and at some ages and quite indifferent for others ; but the Norwich Union has practically no policy that is other than first-class, while nearly every policy which it issues is at least equal to the best which can be obtained. When we consider that the insuring public are wasting many millions of pounds through having selected an inferior company it is refreshing to recognise the existence of a few offices in which the policy-holders never fare anything but well.

The annual report of the Norwich Union gives facts which explain why its results are so good, and which

further suggest that new policy-holders are recognising the advantages which the society provides. During 1904 it issued 4,410 new policies, insuring £3,515,612. For the nineteenth year in succession the new business is larger than on any previous occasion. The society systematically omits to state the amount re-insured with other companies and the amount of premiums paid away for this purpose. One result of only stating the gross new business is that the economy with which the society is worked is disguised. The expenses appear to be 50 per cent. of new premiums and 5 per cent. of renewals. If calculated on the basis of the net new premiums the expenditure would work out at a slightly higher rate, but would still be extremely low. Under the present system the expense ratios are not calculated on the same basis as those of other companies and consequently the figures can be set aside by competitors as untrustworthy and therefore of little value. It is certain that in the all-important matter of expenditure the Norwich Union has a large source of surplus, and the excellence of its bonus results is to a great extent due to the economy with which it is managed. Another large source of surplus is the high rate of interest which it earns upon its funds. It holds reserves upon a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis, and earns interest at £4 2s. per cent., leaving the exceptional margin of £1 12s. per cent. per annum of the funds as a contribution to surplus. The funds now exceed five and a half millions, and increased last year to the extent of £416,000. In fact there is not a single feature of the report that does not indicate solid and substantial progress. The claims by death during the year fell short of the amount expected and provided for by nearly £60,000. The interest upon this sum and the receipt of extra premiums through the long duration of lives add considerably to the sum available for bonuses. There is thus every indication that at the valuation which will be made a year hence the policy-holders will fare as well, if not better, than before.

In three years' time the Norwich Union will be celebrating its centenary, but although a century of existence is of very real value to a Life office the prominent position of the Norwich is of very recent growth. Ten years ago its funds were only two millions and its premium income £230,000; the volume of its business is now about two and a half times as great as it was then, and this expansion has been accompanied by a decreasing rate of expenditure and an increase in the strength of its reserves.

In addition to the statement of the net new business we should like to see another modification in the accounts. The Society is supposed to issue a large amount of sinking fund policies, the premiums upon which are included in the Life assurance account; this matter has recently been attracting attention, and the practice of giving the receipts from this source as a separate fund is becoming general and might well be insisted upon by the Board of Trade.

AN ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURE.

"Mr. and Mrs. — were unavoidably prevented from having the honour of obeying their Majesty's (sic) command to attend the garden party at Windsor owing to their absence in —."

Is not this a most important announcement? Is it not extraordinarily interesting? One cannot imagine the "Times" printing any announcement that was not both important and interesting. But anything so startling and so significant as this even the "Times" cannot often attain to. One wonders how does the great paper manage to obtain such accurate information about profoundly secret matters. It is wonderful how the "Times" should know what goes on even on lesser occasions, such as Cabinet Councils; but to discover that a person who was not present at a Court function none the less had received a command to attend it is far more extraordinary. The gratitude of the public, especially its intelligent portions, is due to the "Times" for giving us this information which it would be exceedingly difficult even for the most intimate friend of the parties to obtain. We have sometimes thought it remarkable that the

newspapers know so much about everyone who is present at these functions, and about his or rather her dress, especially when they give particulars about persons we have known to be elsewhere at the time. But after all one can understand that an intelligent reporter can tell you a good deal about a person he has seen. But how can he find out that a person who was not there and whom he did not see, nor even imagine he saw, none the less did get an invitation? Is not this clairvoyance in excelsis? For consider the difficulties. An invitation card, after you have sent a refusal, or in due form begged to be excused from obedience to a Royal command, is obviously the most useless thing in the world; it goes straight into the waste-paper basket. Rude persons like Thackeray have suggested that there are people who keep refused invitations to good houses and sometimes leave them about so that others may have the pleasure of contemplating them as well as they. But we don't do that sort of thing now: snobs are an extinct race. Then where is the evidence to be found on which the "Times" bases its announcement? Perhaps it isn't true after all; perhaps "Mr. and Mrs." never did have an invitation. No! that is impossible: the "Times" never says what is not true. Besides though it might make a shot at political or war news, it would never take risks in a matter of such grave importance as this. Certainly it is just possible that a servant might rescue the card from the waste basket and try to make his bargain with the "Times". News of such import would necessarily be worth a great sum. But that would not be quite a nice source of information: and the "Times" has taken so much interest lately (see the Manager's letter to householders) in the careers and characters of menservants and maid-servants that it cannot be conceived it would encourage servants to engage in underhand business of this kind. No doubt the servant would be given a moral lecture instead of money and dismissed, the card being burnt. Then where does the "Times" get the news from? Friends of the parties could not tell: they would not know. You do not blaze about to your friends that you have had a smart invitation which you will be prevented from accepting. A friend here and there might know, but it would not strike him to tell the "Times"; for he would say it was no one's business except his friend's whom he would necessarily annoy exceedingly if he published this trifling private matter in the papers. And he would not see how it could possibly interest the public. That, of course, is just where a plain man, a gentleman but not a genius, would go wrong. He would not have the perception which the "Times" editorial staff has to see the vital importance of the announcement to the whole country. And yet another hypothesis must be dismissed. The informer is not the person who sent the card. Hosts and hostesses may be fond of giving the papers lists of distinguished folk who honoured their houses with their presence, but they don't send lists of those who refused them. If the refuser was an ordinary person, he would not be considered; if an extraordinary, host and hostess would rather conceal his refusal. For it is true of celebrities as of spirits, anyone can call them, but will they come?

As we exhaust the possible channels of information, an exceedingly painful thought begins to obtrude itself. Its first suggestion we repelled as impossible, too hideous to be entertained for a moment. Indeed the very starting-point in our inquiry was the assumption, the certainty, that "Mr. and Mrs." themselves had nothing to do with the paragraph. No doubt an altruistic temper, a sense of duty to their countrymen, might cause them some qualms about keeping back from the public the fact of their whereabouts on the day of the Windsor garden party, and the still greater fact that they were commanded to attend. We allowed for that, but on the whole we felt sure that delicate sensitiveness, an intense repugnance to parade what after all was their own business would overcome every scruple. They might justly argue that however interesting these domestic details might be to their countrymen, it was impossible to show there was any moral obligation on them to publish the facts in the "Times". Any lingering misgiving would be dispelled by the reflection that at any rate the King was in

possession of the great secret, so the nation could not suffer. The conclusion that the information was not obtained from "Mr. and Mrs." seemed to us certain. But now we have tried every other hypothesis and none will stand; yet the fact cannot be got over that the "Times" did get the information. And it cannot be disputed that "Mr. and Mrs." certainly would know the facts; and the "Times" would accept their authority; their veracity could not be impugned. From them the information *could* come; and we do not see how it could come from anyone else. It must be so; they must have sent the paragraph to the "Times" themselves.

It is very sad: we have even heard that sometimes people *pay* the "Times" to put in these announcements about themselves. And we thought the race of snobs was extinct! What loftiness of soul does it reveal, this nervousness lest people should think that because you were not seen at the party you had not been asked. It is a great advance on those who write to the papers to say that they were there, though their names were not amongst the printed list. They no doubt make the correction in the interest of truth; though we do not remember seeing many letters protesting against the inclusion of their names in the list of guests present, when in fact they had not been amongst them. If one could only now and again see in the "Times" a notice from some other "Mr. and Mrs." (who also could prove an alibi on the day of the garden party, or other party), that "their absence in the South did not prevent their being present at the party, as they had not been asked; and they wished to forestall any possible false inferences". The announcement would be in bad taste, we admit, but it would be a refreshing variation in bad taste.

MME. LE BARGY ET CIE.

LAST week I wrote about "The Man of the Moment", but had not space in which to consider the performance of it. As the performance had really interested me more than the play, I beg leave to hark back to-day to the S. James'.

Accept an hypothesis. Suppose that an English actress, by no means in the front rank, and having had but slight experience in her art, but happening to be a fluent speaker of the French language, suddenly found herself in Paris, playing the principal part in an English comedy which had been translated into French, and in which the other parts were being played by a first-rate company of Parisian mimes. How would that lady fare? Would she be self-possessed? Would she hold her own among her alien colleagues? Would she perhaps make those alien colleagues look small in the eyes of their compatriots? Would she be commended by all the cognoscenti in Paris, and warmly pressed to the great heart of the French public? Would she . . . Enough! These questions are as brutal as they are foolish. We know full well that within two days that lady would be in England, nursing a broken heart, while the manager who had engaged her would be doing his best to forget her in the lunatic asylum to which his friends had promptly committed him. And yet the hypothesis that I offered is but the ethnological converse of what has happened at the S. James'. Mme. Le Bargy is not a heaven-born genius. Also, she has acted only some half a dozen parts on her native stage. Also, the cast of "The Man of the Moment" is as good-all-round a cast as could be found in London. And, despite all this, Mme. Le Bargy is still in our midst, and Mr. Alexander is at large—has, indeed, enhanced his reputation for acumen. Instead of being played off the stage in her attempt to vie with eminent and experienced mimes in their own language and on their own ground, Mme. Le Bargy is the very hit of the season. Beside her, the majority of the ladies and gentlemen acting with her come out as clumsy fumblers—as people who don't know their business, and couldn't manage it if they did. The contrast is chastening. But it is certainly interesting. Everyone has always admitted that French acting is superior to English acting. Now, for the first time, we have samples of these two things presented simultaneously, and so a valuable opportunity for verifying

exactly the difference between them, and for catching the secret of the one's obvious superiority to the other.

The difference between naturalness and artificiality—that is the main difference between French and English acting generally, as exemplified particularly in "The Man of the Moment". Mme. Le Bargy is, above all things, natural. We should not especially notice this quality if she were acting with compatriots; but here it forces itself on us as a stark phenomenon. She walks as any real woman might walk across a drawing-room. She talks as any real woman might talk in a drawing-room. She does not seem to realise that the stage is an odd thing to be on, and that things can only be done in an odd way there. She does not, like our mimes, grasp the fundamental difference between the stage and the home. Purblind lady, she is at home on the stage. When happens something of a nature to arouse the character whom she impersonates—when comes a crisis that in real life would make that character stare, or gasp, or scream, or clench her hands—then Mme. Le Bargy is duly aroused, and ebullient, and unusual. But when it is merely a question of talking trifles, Mme. Le Bargy is a trifler. And when there is nothing at all for her to do, Mme. Le Bargy sits still and does nothing. Not so her coadjutors. They must always be doing something, and doing it strongly, doing it significantly, blackly underlining it for us. If they leave a room, they must leave it as though they were bidding it an eternal farewell. If they remark that the day is fine, they must imply that there is a deep philosophic meaning buried in this superficially trivial pronouncement. When they come to an emotional crisis, there is not much left over for them to do. They can but keep well up to the level of significance which they have already set for themselves. The result is apt to be bathetic. All things are relative; and if we can never be, like Mme. Le Bargy, insignificant, our significance will seem not quite adequate when there is good cause for it. Of the English mimes in "The Man of the Moment"—of such of them, at any rate, as have anything important to do—Mr. Alexander is the most restrained, the quietest and most natural, the least fussy. But how much of unnecessary significance and strenuousness even he purveys! You remember the end of the third act, for example? Mme. Darlay has confessed her infidelity. Her husband says that he is going to her lover. She implores him to do nothing reckless—asks him what it is that he is going to do. "I am going", replies Darlay, "to tell him that he had better not stay to dinner"; and the curtain falls. Obviously, that is a comedy line—grim comedy, no doubt, but comedy. There is in the play another man whose wife had deceived him, and who had promptly shot her lover. The words have an implied reference to this crime of passion. They mean "Don't be afraid. There will be no fuss. I live in a civilised community, and am going to behave in a perfectly civilised manner. I would rather seem tame to myself, and to you, than be marched off to prison for being a hero". Darlay's words ought, of course, to be spoken in a calm, deliberate, slightly bitter tone. Mr. Alexander thunders them forth into the auditorium. The contrast between them and that peal of thunder provides a more exquisite example of bathos than I had ever dared hope to hear. Of course, it is also an extreme example of Mr. Alexander's tendency to over-emphasis. But there the tendency is. And, as I have said, Mr. Alexander gives way to it less than do the rest of his compatriots in the play. Most of them, by the way, have nothing to do with any dramatic crisis in the play's action: they are important only as figures of comedy. But they do not touch the vein of comedy: they are heavy clowns. If Mme. Le Bargy were not in the cast, we should not especially notice their heavy clowning—should take it as we take the air that we breathe. But, having a foil in her light and airy little method, it becomes a grim obsession to us. I do not, of course, pretend that there are no light comedians in England, no heavy clowns in France, any more than I pretend that there are no seemingly natural actors in England, no obviously artificial actors in France. Nevertheless, lightness and naturalness are

the exceptions on our stage, and the rule on the French stage ; and this general difference is brought sharply home to us by the particular object-lesson at the S. James'. The lightness of the average French comedian, and the heaviness of the average English comedian, are partly explained by the respective paces at which they speak. Mme. Le Bargy has been accused of gabbling her part. The fault is really the fault of her interlocutors on the stage. Certainly, she talks there rather more quickly than talks the average Englishwoman in real life. But does ever an English person of either sex talk with half the deadly deliberation that is used by the mimes at the S. James'? One and all, with baleful eyes on the audience, they seem to be saying "Some of you—have—trains—to catch—after—the performance. . . . Others of you—are going—on—to supper. . . . We—are—determined—that those—suppers—shall be—forgone—and—those trains—missed." Usually, this pace in elocution does not madden me. But with Mme. Le Bargy let loose on the scene as pace-maker, and enabling me to gauge how few in proportion to the time occupied are the words spoken by English mimes, I am moved to cry out against this idiotic tradition of snailishness. English people in real life do not talk so quickly as French people. But it is not less ridiculous than it is tedious that they should be represented on the stage always as though they were carefully picking their way through an unknown tongue, or dictating their memoirs under the shadow of death. English people are heavy in the hand, no doubt ; but not so heavy as all that. Let no more than their natural weight be imposed on our creaking boards.

MAX BEERBOHM.

LONDON CONCERTS.

A MERCIFUL Providence so kept back Whitsuntide this year that it fell into what is usually the very hottest part of the summer musical season, thereby saving the pockets of innumerable concert-givers, saving the patience of the critics, and exciting the wrath of the money-grabbing concert-agents. I, for one, was thankful. The older I grow the deeper becomes my wonder to find dozens, scores, of interpretative artists trying to attract paying audiences by everlasting playing and singing the same pieces. We know Mark Twain's islanders who eked out a precarious livelihood by taking in each other's washing ; some of us may have heard of racecourse gangs who eke out a precarious livelihood by taking in each other. We may marvel at the improvidence and want of enterprise of these people, but what on earth are we to think about pianists, fiddlers and singers who go on offering the public things heard a thousand times before and expecting the public to come and enjoy readings which differ from other readings only in being a little more strained and affected or a great deal uglier ? It does not astonish me to find that the public generally remains deaf to the voice of this sort of charmer, charm he never so astutely ; but it does astonish me to find my brethren of the critical pen patiently plodding through barren acres of unprofitable concerts. There are often seventy concerts given in a week ; of these seventy a good third are pianoforte recitals ; and the programmes of the pianoforte recitals are nearly always almost the same. Who can honestly take any pleasure in hearing a Chopin study or a Beethoven sonata played twenty times in one week—especially when one has heard the same thing the same number of times last week and when one knows one will hear the same thing the same number of times next week ? For my part I can take no pleasure in it. Fair, honest readings of the master-works always hold my attention and may even fill me with delight ; but the moment I feel an artist searching after novel effects I want to get up and go away. Save in a few very rare cases I don't want the interpreter to come between the composer and me, in his stupid vanity imagining himself a personality in whom any sane being can take the slightest interest. It is the composer I want ; it is the composer everyone ought to want : the interpreter is only an unavoidable evil. But

more and more as the years go on the interpreter is ousting the composer and most of the critics are helping him in his disastrous undertaking. They gravely discuss a rubato introduced by Herr Somebody in such and such a movement of a Beethoven sonata, when probably the rubato should not be there at all and is only introduced because no one else has used it there ; they seriously consider whether a movement marked allegro gains or loses by being played presto. Some day someone will play all Beethoven's symphonies, taking the slow movements quick and the quick ones slow, playing the forte passages piano and the piano ones forte, and he will not be laughed at : the press will instruct us that those who do not like this sort of thing are reactionaries.

This gentle outburst is perhaps only the result of a fit of indigestion following a positive orgy of concerts. Not for many years have I attended so many concerts as I have these last weeks ; not for many years shall I do it again. Of all the people I have heard I wish to hear only three again, Kreisler, Bauer and Marie Hall. Nikisch I certainly have no desire to hear again. Usually an artist changes in ten years, or at any rate one's opinion of him changes ; but I am compelled to say that my opinion of Nikisch remains precisely what it was ten or more years ago when he first visited us. I then instantly felt that the solid musician in him was entirely controlled and swayed by a being who was simply a bundle of affectations, that an uneasy vanity and desire to display his own poor individuality prevented him from playing anything really well. He managed to assassinate so straightforward a piece of music as the "Tannhäuser" overture by accentuating inner parts ; and when he played with the London Symphony Orchestra the other day he did things exactly analogous. It is all pose, pose and rubbish. If Nikisch could drop all his monkey-tricks he would of course cease to be the idol of the lovers of the outré and the bizarre, but he would still be a fair conductor. It would be ridiculous to imagine that he ever will drop them—the other game pays too well and leads to honour and glory and profit ; yet I venture to prophesy that if he does not drop them the next generation will drop him.

This fault of Nikisch's, and of a hundred other performers, is quite a different matter from exaggeration. Mottl, for instance, often exaggerates. He takes a phrase meant by the composer to be accented, and he sometimes over-accentes it. When he does not go too far he gets magnificent effects, as in the funeral march from the "Dusk of the Gods" ; when he goes too far, as he constantly does in Tschaikowsky's Pathetic symphony, he kills the music altogether. But at worst he only overdoes what the composer meant to be done : he does not, as Nikisch does, pick out from the score a part only intended to fill in the harmony and give richness and make his men blaze away at that until the music becomes unrecognisable—or, as I suppose the admirers of Nikisch would say, "new". Confound the new : let us have a little more of the true. I am not one of the steady-going mules of musical criticism who do their daily round of concerts, writing about one piece while listening to the next, but—for a critic—I am a fairly patient man, and I could listen to some Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin things several times a week if only they were honestly played, without affectations. But to hear them played with all manner of irrelevant and impudent misreadings of plain and simple things overtaxes me and I fly. Amongst conductors Richter, Mottl, Wood, Weingartner, never can go far wrong, for they all earnestly try to realise the composer's idea. But such a conductor as Nikisch deliberately hinders himself from ever going right. He only goes right now and again by accident : the rest of the time he is sacrificing the composer and the music to the desire to show off his own very self-conscious eccentricities.

Kreisler needs a great deal more space than I can give him to-day, and indeed I must hear him half a dozen times again before devoting an entire article to him. To call him a great artist to-day, when every whipper-snapper is hailed as a great artist, is perhaps no compliment ; but Kreisler is not only a very splendid violinist but a serious and sincere artist. The same

must be said of Marie Hall. Of course I was present when she made her débüt a couple of years ago and I did not share the instantaneous enthusiasm with which she was greeted. That kind of enthusiasm, usually ingeniously worked up by the astute agent, always makes me so suspicious that I scarcely trust my own ears until after several hearings. Apart from such suspicions, how is one to make up one's mind that a man or woman is really a fine artist at his or her first appearance? Perhaps the artist happens to be a trifle out of sorts and does not show at his best; perhaps he happens to be in extraordinarily good trim and plays as he never plays again. This sort of hair-trigger enthusiasm is responsible for the large numbers of bad artists and inferior composers who are unloaded upon us every season—it has recently brought in Richard Strauss and Elgar and next year it will bring in some others. It brought in Dvorák and left him to be forgotten. However, Miss Marie Hall is in no need of that kind of aid. She plays more magnificently every time and will be before long the greatest violinist before the public.

In the Correspondence columns will be found two letters on Music in Scotland. As for that of "Nihil Obstat", I quite agree that a musical paper for Scotland might be a good thing; but I don't think there is a large enough musical public to make it self-supporting. Subsidised papers in this country rarely or never have any influence, and anyhow, though money is freely given for pictures, books, sculpture &c. it is hardly ever given for music. On the contrary, music is constantly robbed for the sake of charities and hospitals. However, if "Nihil Obstat" can induce a few millionaires to come forward and found a paper to advertise the interests of Scottish composers I wish him good luck. "Harmony" puts the cart before the horse. It is true that Scotland has produced no great composer, but "Harmony" forgets that great composers are only produced by musical peoples. A fine flower grows only in a properly prepared garden. The Scotch will never be a musical people if they persist in adoring the foreigner and doing what they can to prevent their own musicians getting a hearing. That they do this is not a matter of opinion—it is a question of facts. In my articles on Music in Scotland I have cut down inference and comment as much as possible and given as much solid fact as possible. My object in going into the affair was to discover these facts, not to make any gratuitous attack on the Scotch. Those who disagree with me need not trouble to defend the Scotch: let them show me where my facts are wrong. There will be another opportunity next week, when I shall deal with musical education in Scotland.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

JAN TRESIZE'S GEESE.

THE elderly among us have perhaps laughed over "Q.'s" "Astonishing History of Troy Town". I say "the elderly" since my experience leads me to believe that to be born since 1880 incapacitates for laughter. Tell a young man or maiden that such and such a book is "amusing" and he or she will never read it. They are ashamed of laughter. The babies, thank God, still chuckle and crow, though even over them I fancy I see a pale cast of culture stealing. But the young of to-day, the fathers and mothers of the babies of to-morrow, are the very reverse of the employers of Gilbert's Jester. Write what you will, "They don't blame you, as long as you're not funny". The elderly, then, will remember Caleb Trotter, that Sam Weller of the waterside, his apothegms and his yarns. Among the latter is that of Commodore Trounce, the wanderer on the face of the earth, who, dying, said to his faithful servant "You and me, Sam, have a-been like Jan Tresize's geese, never happy unless they be where they bain't".

Mr. Quiller Couch has observed his geese. I have under my eyes, as I write, a proof of it. Sitting in the old farmhouse garden I can look over into the stackyard, and see the geese sitting in the shade of a rick, sweltering like me, like me no doubt putting up a prayer for the much-needed rain. Suddenly arises the

gander, stretches his elbows above his head as one who yawns, and steps stately as Hardyknute down the meadow to the pond. Mutely his family follow: grey mothers and green goslings after him in single file. And just when I am envying them and wondering whether I have the pluck to fetch a towel from the house, and follow their excellent example; just when I think they are in the pond, with their absurd sterns affronting high heaven, and their beaks deep down among the succulent water-snails—back they come at a waddle again. Single file as before, only this time the gander brings up the rear. Back they come up the meadow, into the yard, and down they lie in the shade of the identical rick which they left not three minutes ago. Why? who can say? They don't go to eat, that I can testify. To drink? Perhaps; though, in this weather, if they once began, they could not surely leave off so soon. Is it because "discipline must be respected" that the gander marches and countermarches his army? Who knows? I only know that he does it two or three times every afternoon, and I attribute it to the ineradicable instinct of Jan Tresize's geese, to his never being happy unless he be where he bain't.

And men? Well! if the gander sat by some of our highroads on a summer afternoon, would not he perhaps wonder, much as I do? He would see bicycle, motor-cycle, moto-car fly past him, as from some City of Destruction, in unending procession: the drivers bowed, intent, regardless of everything except the road before them, bent only on being where they bain't. And if our gander didn't mind dust, and sat patiently till night, back they would come, auto-car, motor-bike, bicycle, uglier than ever, obsessed with a desire to be back again.

I would not be thought for a moment to sneer at those who use mechanical means to get quickly to a place where they wish to be. A man whose work lies in a city is to be praised, not blamed, for rushing from the desk's dead wood to the shade of a living tree, and the quicker he can reach it the more rest he will have. I would rather (it may be prejudice) that he used the old-fashioned bicycle, for then he is taking exercise, and may aspire to the honourable name of pedestrian. But if he cannot do so, at least let him have an object in his journey, other than covering so many miles in so few hours, and successfully bilking the police. Can it, the gander would ask, really rest a man to rush madly around from Saturday to Monday, with a motor bicycle borborysing beneath him? Better, thinks the gander, the office stool than such a perch as that. But, say motorists, you omit the delight of rushing through the air at lightning pace. No doubt I do, never having been able to understand it. What is pace that we should so desire it? The planets travel through space at a rate of many miles a minute, but it takes them hours to cover a distance equal to their own diameter. A snail goes faster, or a South-Eastern railway train. Sixty miles an hour is fast for a motor-car, but how about a rifle bullet? Pace is relative to size. The smaller you are, the faster you can travel. Pace! except as a means to an end, I, at least, will have none of it.

"And the dear delightful danger?" say the motorists. Well! I own to being afraid of danger, and do not court it unnecessarily. One must be very young to like danger. Emma's little nephews were charmed when their uncle swung them up to the ceiling. I am, I hope, more of Mr. Woodhouse's age, and do not like to be swung.

It is an old complaint, this restlessness of man. Horace, comfortable little plump man that he was, was nevertheless one of Jan Tresize's geese, and could never be happy in Rome unless he was at Tibur. Ages before Horace the eastern tribes that peopled Europe, were, I suspect, birds of the feather. They came, you say, in search of fresh pastures and what not. Would they have started had they been happy where they were? But if they had an object, they may be held blameless. The Drakes and Raleighs expected to find Eldorado. What golden city gleams before the goggles of the modern record-breaker?

I know of only one way, and that a sadly old-fashioned one, by which to be where you bain't. Rest where you are, *beatus nimium* if it be where you

always have been, read, dream, cultivez votre jardin. Ariosto found it out four hundred years ago. "I have seen Italy. That is enough for me. The rest of the world I can visit at leisure with Ptolemy for guide." "What a day" said Charles Fox "to lie under a tree with a book"! "Why with a book?" said jesting Sheridan. But the answer is obvious. Even Fox, at his beloved S. Ann's Hill, was goose enough not to be happy unless he was where he wasn't, and wise enough to know how to attain his desire. "Ohne Hast, ohne Rast" is a fine motto, but all haste and no rest is worse than all play and no work. What, I ask, is the object of all this rushing? I suppose, self-forgetfulness. All the poor wretches whom our gander views from the hedgerow are flying from themselves. But the worst way I can think of to be rid of your ego is to make him the only constant factor in all the changing scenes of life. The country whizzes past, unseen. But you sit pent in your motor, your only hope of release to puncture a tire, or alight to puddle with petrol. You are reduced to the state of the actor in the old days when the stage might never be empty for a second. Scenes change behind you, so that the speech begun in the market place has to be finished in the ante-room of Charles your friend. You, throughout, are the same old hero or Scrub the valet.

When will people learn that not by bringing new scenes before old eyes, but by bringing a new eye to old scenes, variety is to be attained?

Not, I suppose, till we have grasped the sumnum bonum of Jan Tresize's geese and Be—where we Bain't.

CECIL S. KENT.

THE NATURALIST IN LONDON.

WHEN a man who loves nature, curiously investigating her secrets, a botanist, say, or an entomologist, not only lives in London, but by the exigency of circumstances is kept tied in London the whole year through, how natural for him to grow restive and rebellious! At this season of the year especially how he beats himself against his bars! Let us suppose an entomologist. At every period of the year undoubtedly there is plenty in the country to reward his assiduous labour, if only he has the physical strength and patience of character to labour assiduously. Speaking of January, February and March dear old George Samouelle remarked in his famous "Useful Compendium" published in 1819: "It is not every entomologist that will collect at this early season of the year, under the impression that but few insects can be obtained: this is true in some measure: however, I have collected throughout the year and in all seasons, for many years, and my labours have been repaid with success much beyond my hopes and expectations. I have repaired to the woods when in some parts I have been up to my knees in snow, and, strange to say, have taken insects from under the bark of trees, moss, &c., in great numbers, and of species which have been considered scarce even in the summer months."

But it is in the summer months, in June, July, and August especially, that the town-tied naturalist feels his captivity sorest, and dreams of what he might be doing were only he free for a month on end amid the woodlands, or on the South downs, or in the Fens. And alas! free he is not. At the most he snatches now and again a week-end, or a late afternoon train to some easily accessible spot from the metropolis, whither he must return again to sleep at night—Epping Forest, for example, or West Wickham, or Putney Heath. We are far from being unsympathetic with our poor friend, or contemptuous of him. We have ourselves felt his trials and temptations as keenly as they can be felt, we honestly believe. But the purpose of this brief article is not to mock at his woes, or to upbraid his natural recalcitrancy, but rather to try to bring him some little practical consolation, to show him, if may be, that his enforced imprisonment through most days of these precious months may have its compensation, if only, as opportunity occurs, he will wisely bestir himself, and not petulantly despise "the day of small things".

We write not, of course, for the experienced, scien-

tific naturalist, who needs no advice or encouragement of ours, who finds always in the most restricted, unpromising environment more than enough to occupy his thoughts and time. But to the beginner, to the youth or man, who by some felicitous fate has had his eyes opened on the inexhaustible mysteries and beauties of nature, who is intoxicated, as one may well say, with the delight these promise him, and is excited by the charm their pursuit already affords him—to such a one a word in season may be salutary.

And here let us confine our remarks to the study of insects, to entomology, though we may flatter ourselves they are in principle sound enough to be applied to any branch of natural history a man's predilections settle him on. Let us say first of all, then, that in this study, as in all human interests, the great thing is not to run about in hurry and excitement, not to race after every suggestion that occurs or is made to us of desirable localities, but to be self-contained, quietly observant, patiently laborious over such opportunities as come in our way. This undoubtedly is the first little piece of practical wisdom in which we must school ourselves; and for most of us it does take some schooling.

Obviously we should stultify ourselves if we were to maintain that localities did not matter. Many insects are incredibly local, and not to be found out of their amazingly restricted habitats. Some of our readers will be familiar with two English butterflies, the Marbled White and the Greasy Fritillary. In a famous nook of Sussex, the Holm-Bush, near Hurst, we have seen the former of these in profusion in a wood-clearing some eighty yards square, the latter in equal profusion in a single field. Outside of the clearing and the field not one was to be seen in all the neighbourhood for miles and miles, though to human intelligence there was nothing to distinguish this clearing and this field from a hundred others. Again, some localities are much richer in varied insect-life than are others. A chalk soil is of all soils the most prolific: hence Kent and Sussex are perhaps of all our English counties the richest on the whole for an entomologist, the greatest number of different species are there to be found by him: and for other reasons than the soil the South-East district of England is fuller for him than the West, or the Midlands, or the North. This is uncontested.

But though districts vary in fruitfulness, our settled conviction and experience are that there is no district which is not prolific, if seeing eyes are at work on it and patient labour. We do not believe that any man ever yet exhausted a neighbourhood, it is only impatience or laziness that ever fancied they had exhausted one. And then think where London is situated! Within an hour or so's reach of it are Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Essex, Hertfordshire. You have half a day or an evening to spare, and you can get into any one of them for a few pence. Think of the variety of ground that lies at your choice, the variety of ground and consequently of insect-life! At any rate from this one point of view of variety, would you be half so fortunate if you were settled down in some remote corner of Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Essex, or Hertfordshire, whence you could only shift to a wholly different locality with expense and pains?

It is with the study of nature as with the study of art; given the eye and the intelligence, and there is no spot where there is not a world at your command. We have known artists come back from a country-side complaining there was nothing there to paint. But such a spot does not lie on the earth. We have been often surprised when some of our naturalist friends have returned to us from their hunting at the poverty of the spoils they have to show. They have toiled all the day, it seems, and taken nothing. In nine cases out of ten the fault has lain in the method of their toil, if toil it may be called. They may have gone over a great deal of ground, and perhaps gone over it strenuously: but it is hard to make us believe it was such barren ground. We have known on the other hand a man who never strayed out from his door, one may almost say, without bringing home something of interest. What is called "pottering" may be a bad habit in some interests of life, but with the entomologist out in the country it is the first of virtues. He will spend a whole afternoon along a marshy dyke

or the side of a wood not half a mile in length, and there he may remain on till "shut of eve". He knows that not only each yard of ground must be pressed to reveal its secrets, but that each hour must be watched as it brings forth its fresh relays of life visible only for a little while at their particular moments, and then hidden away completely, search one never so. It is in this untiring, austere limited method of research that half the secret of success lies. Apply it, and there will be few spots so barren or churlish as to yield you nothing. But be impatient, scamper about, lose your head with excitement, hurry from one likely looking spot to another your wandering eye catches at a distance, and your reward will mostly be meagre—nay, always meagre in comparison with what it might be. Nature responds not to the frivolous and flighty: if we are to wrest her secrets from her we must be keen—yes—but keen and leisurely.

The naturalist located and even much tied down in London is not really, then, in so lamentable a plight as sometimes he fancies himself, or we fancy him. Hard indeed is his case if he cannot manage a few hours now and again wherein to run down into the varied and rich country, that on all sides surrounds us. Once there let him exert but restrain himself, and he will bring home more than enough to occupy his studious attention till next he is able to be off a-hunting. The making of a vast collection may not be within his power: but, what is of incomparably greater importance, the making of a collection invaluable to himself, and valuable to others, is—if he observe and record and arrange and ponder, as a reasonable student ought. For the subject on which he is engaged is not only unexhausted, but inexhaustible: and though others may have greater opportunities than he, even his opportunities are greater than he is likely, however industrious, to make an end of. In 1803 Adrian Hardy Haworth, in 1828 James Francis Stephens, two of the most classical names in the annals of British entomology, took as the motto for their great works the same quotation from Pliny. It is a motto that every student following in their steps might write up over his desk, and perpetually recall to mind for his healthy humiliation and encouragement. "In his tam parvis, tamque fere nullis, quæ ratio, quanta vis, quam inextricabilis perfectio."

MOTORING.

THE speed limit is generally regarded as the weakest spot in the Motor Car Act of 1903. One illustration of this was brought before the Automobile Club the other day, where a driver, in attempting to pass another car in a cloud of dust, ran into a cart and killed the horse. As soon as he was extricated from the débris his first remark was that he was only driving at sixteen miles an hour, and there is no doubt that he fully expected to be exonerated from blame solely on this account. Quite nine-tenths of the professional drivers, if asked what were the provisions of the Act, would immediately say "Well, I may drive twenty miles an hour". The imposition of this speed limit has largely militated against the usefulness of that section of the Act which deals with driving to the common danger. Then again motorists are repeatedly stopped by the police and charged with exceeding the twenty-mile limit. For this alleged offence which is usually committed on an open and deserted road the motorist is heavily fined by the local bench, the police evidence usually being palpably of an untrustworthy character. An enormous amount of bad feeling is thus created between automobilists and the police. There is little doubt that if the speed limit were entirely abolished the whole Act would be strengthened thereby as the majority of motorists would be quite willing to see the penalties for really reckless driving increased, provided that, in the case of a serious penalty such as imprisonment being imposed, there was a right of appeal to a judge.

The question of liability in respect of accidents is a very important one. It is frequently stated with confidence that the pedestrian has the primary right to the roadway. This is not so. The roadway belongs to all alike, whether they be drivers of vehicles, horsemen, or

foot-passengers. The Courts, however, have always shown a tendency to protect the foot-passenger by allotting to the drivers of vehicles a greater obligation to use care. Whilst admitting the equal rights of all, they bear in mind the more formidable character of the vehicle. Unfortunately the impression the Courts seem to have regarding the destructive potentiality of the automobile is a greatly exaggerated one. The stopping power alone of the modern motor-car is enormously superior to that of any horse-drawn vehicle and this fact was well demonstrated by a series of experiments recently conducted by Mr. S. F. Edge at the Crystal Palace. A 15 horse-power De Dion in competition with a hansom cab at 8·7 miles per hour stopped in 1 foot 6 inches after the signal was given; while the latter vehicle traversed a distance of 24 feet 6 inches before coming to rest. At 11·2 miles per hour the automobile pulled up in 7 feet 9 inches and the cab in 33 feet 6 inches.

Mr. Edge remarked that as a result of these tests in districts where it was considered necessary to restrict the speed of motor-cars to ten miles an hour the authorities, if they were to act consistently, would have to limit horse-drawn vehicles in those areas to 2½ miles an hour.

There is no doubt that the position of the motorist at the present time is a somewhat unenviable one. The pedestrian is accustomed to vehicles which travel at a comparatively slow rate of speed and quite fails to appreciate the fact that the roadway is now put to a much more strenuous use. This is a condition of things inseparable from any progress in methods of locomotion. Dating from the inauguration of our railway system the British public have always displayed a strong antipathy to speed per se, and at the present time there is an unfortunate tendency to regard any proposed increase of the speed limit as an infraction of pedestrian rights.

In course of time, when the public have become as thoroughly accustomed to automobiles as they now are to horse-drawn vehicles, the Courts will, perhaps, require pedestrians to assume a greater degree of responsibility.

If a pedestrian deliberately leaves the footpath without reason and is thereby the cause of an accident, he should certainly be made responsible.

A case of great interest to motorists was recently heard in the King's Bench Division before the Lord Chief Justice. This was an appeal from the decision of Mr. Marsham, the Metropolitan police magistrate. The appellant had been fined for exceeding a speed of ten miles an hour in the Green Park. The case raised a question as to the power of the Commissioner of Works to make specific regulations as to the speed of motor vehicles in the Royal parks. The appellant contended that the regulations laid down by the Commissioner of Works were ultra vires, as the particular rules made under the general regulations which had been published in the "Gazette" and laid on the tables of the Houses of Parliament had not themselves been so published and sanctioned. The Lord Chief Justice, however, gave judgment affirming the conviction.

BRIDGE.

THE ORIGINAL LEAD—THE ELEVEN RULE.

WHAT bridge player is there who has not heard of the Eleven Rule, and how few thoroughly understand it! The Eleven Rule is one of the few valuable legacies bequeathed by scientific whist to skilful bridge. Note the distinction between the two adjectives. Whereas whist was a game of elaborated science and combination, bridge is a game of individual skill, common sense, and observation. In the early days of whist the original lead was always the lowest card of the leader's longest suit, irrespective of numbers, then came the lead of the penultimate to show five, then Cavendish introduced the ante-penultimate lead to show six, and from that, some ingenious mortal, whose name is not given to posterity, evolved the idea of the fourth-best lead and the "Eleven Rule".

The Eleven Rule is that, when a player leads his

fourth-best card of a suit, if the value of the card led is deducted from eleven, the remainder gives the number of cards, higher than the one led, which are not in the leader's hand. At first sight it is difficult to see why the figure should be eleven, but the explanation is quite simple. The ace being the highest card instead of the lowest, the value of the cards in each suit does not run from one to thirteen, but from two, the lowest card, to fourteen, that being the real value given to the ace by placing it higher than the king, counting the knave as eleven, the queen as twelve, and the king as thirteen. It is obvious, therefore, that the number of cards in the suit, higher than the one led, will be the difference between the value of that card and fourteen. Three of these high cards being known to be in the leader's hand, the number that is against him is at once reduced to eleven—hence the Eleven Rule. Useful as the Eleven Rule was at whist, it is far more useful at bridge, because the third player has the extra advantage of seeing the dummy's cards in addition to his own.

Suppose that a 7 is led, the third hand holds queen, 8, 4, and the dummy puts down knave, 6, 5. By an easy application of the Eleven Rule, the third hand can see at once that the dealer has one card, and one only, of that suit higher than the 7, and, if the dealer has made the declaration of No Trumps, there is a strong supposition that his one high card is either the ace or king, therefore the third hand should pass the 7 led, and if his supposition is correct, the suit is established. This is where the great advantage of the fourth-best lead and the Eleven Rule comes in. Many and many a game is saved by it which could never have been saved without it. Take the case quoted above. If the third player did not understand the Eleven Rule, he would naturally play his highest, the queen, third hand, the dealer would win it with his ace or king, and would be free to go on with his own game, leaving the knave guarded in dummy to stop his opponent's suit on the third round.

One drawback to the Eleven Rule is that it can be applied equally well by the dealer. Not long ago, the present writer was looking over the hand of a man who is a very fine natural card player, but who despises, and expresses the greatest contempt for, the conventions of bridge. The player in question dealt and declared No Trumps on a good all-round hand, the 8 of hearts was led, his dummy put down the king, 10, 3, and he held the ace and 5 only. To any disciple of the Eleven Rule it was obvious that dummy's 10 was good enough to win the first trick, but our friend played the 3 and it took the ace to beat the 6. The game proceeded and he won two by cards, and then turned round and said "It could never have been won". The answer was "It could have been won if you had put on the 10 of hearts second in hand". To which he replied, "Yes, very likely, but I could not possibly tell, and I hoped that the third hand would play either queen or knave and leave me with the 10, ace in dummy". It is only waste of breath to try to explain things to people who refuse to understand, so the only answer he got was "Of course you could not tell", and everybody was satisfied, but no Eleven Rule player could have failed to win three by cards and the game. Any amount of instances of the value of the Eleven Rule could be adduced, they are always occurring, but the two instances given above will illustrate the point sufficiently for present purposes. The Eleven Rule is rarely of any use when the card led is below a 5, but anything above that is extremely valuable. Even the lead of a 3 or a 2 has a negative value. The lead of a 2, or a 3 if the 2 can be accounted for, tells the leader's partner that the suit is one of four cards exactly, and this information is occasionally very useful when it comes to a question of placing the last three or four cards correctly in order to save the game.

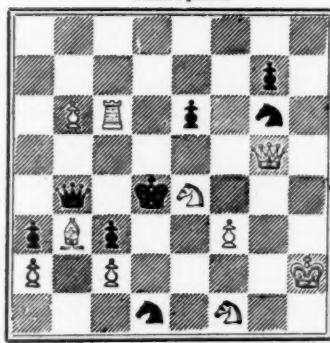
Some players adopt the fourth-best lead also when playing against a suit declaration, but this can be of no use, and may do considerable harm. When the strength in trumps is declared against the leader, as it clearly is by an original declaration of hearts or diamonds, there is no chance of the leader's side bringing in a long suit, and therefore it is no use

to adopt a number showing lead. The leader's business in this case is to make what tricks he can, as quickly as he can, and not to attempt the impossible. The lead of the fourth-best is invaluable at No Trumps, but it is wrong when there is a suit declaration. It is so very apt to be mistaken by the leader's partner for the highest of a weak suit, and for this reason the eldest hand should lead the lowest of his long suit, if he elects to lead from that suit, quite regardless of how many he holds. When he plays to the second round a higher card than the one led, his partner will be in no doubt, but will know that he has led the lowest of a suit of four or more, the exact number being practically immaterial.

CHESS.

PROBLEM 24. SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED BY A. W. DANIEL.

Black 8 pieces.



White 10 pieces.

White to mate in two moves.

PROBLEM 25. Specially contributed by A. W. DANIEL.—White (9): K—KR1, Q—Q7, B—QKt7, Pawns—Q2, Q3, KB3, KR5, KKt6, QKt4. Black (7): K—K4, B—QR2, R—QR4, Pawns—QKt3, QR4, Q3, Q5. White to mate in three moves.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged.

KEY TO PROBLEM 23: 1. K—Kt3.

Great chess players may be divided into two classes—faddists and opportunists. In a game where the object is to win or to avoid losing the opportunist will sink all his individuality if attainment of a certain end is more likely to ensue. On the other hand, while the faddist is naturally elated with success, failure convinces him more than ever of his infallible judgment. When these two temperaments meet interesting games often follow. No game offers the same prospect of penetrating into the minds of those engaged in it as does a game of chess, and to understand the motives actuating the players provides a source of interest quite independent of its analytical properties.

The following game, played in the International Tournament at Ostend, illustrates why Blackburne, one of the greatest tacticians identified with chess tournaments, adopts strategy which is not usual with him.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
Tchigorin	Blackburne	Tchigorin	Blackburne
1. P—K4	P—K3	2. Q—K2	...

Black's first move is in anticipation of white's predilection for the second. For many years Tchigorin has made this hybrid reply to the French defence in spite of general condemnation and disastrous results. Blackburne plays on this little weakness of the Russian master, and for a long time his strategy seems to be successful.

2. . .	P—QKt3	5. P—Q3	P—Q4
3. P—KB4	B—Kt2	6. Kt—B3	...
4. Kt—KB3	Kt—K2		

White cannot very well play P×P because the king's bishop's pawn would hinder the development of the queen's bishop. So long as the pawn remains on

king's 4th there is the prospect of P-B5 causing a flutter in black's camp.

6. . . .	P-Q5	11. P-KKt4	Q-Q2
7. Kt-Q1	P-Kt3	12. B-R3	Q-Kt4
8. Kt-B2	B-Kt2	13. Castles QR	Kt-QB4
9. B-Q2	Kt-R3	14. QR-Kt1	...
10. P-KR4	P-R4		

This move looks so natural and obvious that we wonder Blackburne did not see its possibilities. Otherwise he would not have wasted time with his next two moves and lost the game in consequence.

14. . . . Kt-R5 15. Kt-Q1 . . .

To be able to play this if necessary was the object of white's last move. If instead of 14. Kt-R5 black would have proceeded at once with P-R4 it is doubtful if white could have resisted successfully the ensuing attack. As it is, although black loses such valuable time it is a near thing.

15. . . .	Kt-QB4	19. Kt x R	Kt-B3
16. R-R2	P-R4	20. P-R5	Kt-Kt5
17. P x P	R x P	21. B x Kt	...
18. R-Kt5	R x R		

Altogether unconcerned at the coming onslaught, Tchigorin, as is his wont, goes for the lot. He neither tortures nor will be tortured.

21. . . .	P x B	28. K-K2	Q-R4 ch
22. P x P	R x P	29. K-B2	K-B3
23. P x P ch	K-Q2	30. Q-B6	P x P
24. Kt x P	R-R8 ch	31. Q x Kt ch	K-Kt4
25. K-Q2	Kt x Kt	32. Q-B4 ch	K-R4
26. Q-Kt4	P-Kt6	33. P-Kt4 ch	K-R5
27. Q x B	Q-R4 ch	34. Q x P ch	Resigns

It is doubtful whether Tchigorin has any superior in a direct attack on the king. The knowledge that tactics entailing laborious execution are unsuitable to his impetuous disposition accounts for the number of close defences with which he has to contend.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lyceum Club, 128 Piccadilly, W.
20 June, 1905.

SIR,—I should very much like with your courtesy to add a few words to the very appropriate letter on Russia and England in your issue of the 17th. Miss Meakin mentions a private Anglo-Russian Literary Society. May I be permitted to point out, that whatever this society may allege—for reasons of its own—to be in practice, in theory its claims and ambitions are certainly not of a private nature. For the time being, it is under the direct patronage of his Imperial Majesty the Tsar, and its professed aims according to its published announcement are as follows :—

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. To promote the study of the Russian language and literature.
2. To form a library of Russian books and other works, especially interesting from an Anglo-Russian point of view.
3. To take in Russian periodicals and newspapers.
4. To hold monthly meetings, periodically, for the reading and discussion of suitable papers, writing and speaking in English or Russian being alike admissible.
5. To promote friendly relations between Great Britain and Russia.

In all these laudable undertakings the Anglo-Russian Literary Society has, from all accounts, altogether failed. That some organisation is urgently needed which would really promote a better feeling between England and Russia is sufficiently evident to all who take the trouble to read our daily press on international affairs. The founders of any such society might well take their cue from the excellent articles on Russia and her people which for the last year or so have been appearing in your columns; and which

certainly should tend "to promote friendly relations between Russia and Great Britain".

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A. E. KEETON.

A STENDHAL MONUMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Talbot Mansions, Museum Street, W.C.
London, 19 June, 1905.

SIR,—There is a general desire to erect a monument to Henri Beyle (Stendhal) in France, and a committee has been formed in Paris for that object. The committee, thinking that there are probably some admirers of the great novelist and philosopher in England, has requested me to receive any subscriptions, or they can be sent direct to the secretary, M. A. Paupe, 50 Rue des Abbesses, Paris 18^e.

I am, yours very truly,
OSCAR LEVY, M.D.

MUSIC IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 June, 1905.

SIR,—I am indebted to Mr. Runciman for the notice he has taken of my former letter.

I still hope for the advent of an authoritative Scotch musical paper in which primary attention will be paid to the efforts of Scotch musicians. If this were so, the efforts of Dr. Cowen to introduce more Scotch compositions would be furthered and MacCunn, Drysdale, Macpherson and others would certainly gain by unbiased criticism of their works. It says something for the success of this project when there are men capable of carrying through such an inspired undertaking as the Aberdeen Gallery of Sculpture. I am unwilling to leave to the next generation the initiation of a task which claims recognition in the present.

Yours, &c.
NIHIL OBSTAT.

MUSIC IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glasgow, 19 June, 1905.

SIR,—The truth of the whole matter is that Scotland has never yet given to the world a creative musician of the first rank, though I dare say she will claim that MacDowell and Grieg owe something to her, and Scotsmen will not, as a nation, wax enthusiastic over somebody simply because he is one of themselves. If Scotland produced a really great composer to-morrow no people under the sun would give him more support than Scotsmen, for they are proud of their great men.

I am ready to admit that Sullivan and Elgar, both Englishmen, are greater musicians than any Scotland can yet claim: and it is rather to the credit of the Scots people that they are so ready to see all that is best in the composers of other nations, and that they do not shut their eyes to the fact that others have produced what they themselves never have, a course which they certainly would follow were they the narrow-minded race Mr. Runciman paints them. Scotsmen are pro-foreign simply because foreigners have been the greatest musicians: then they are pro-English, because the best English composers, such as Sullivan and Elgar, are greater than any of their own. Let me add, also, that if Scotland hears "a large percentage of humbugs", nowhere is this more the case than in London.

Finally, I should like to say that I am extremely conscious of the debt the public owe to Mr. Runciman for his vigorous criticisms, but I feel that they would be even more powerful than they are if he wrote in more moderate terms. I must also say that the remark that a Scot "won't hear of a countryman touching any other instrument" than the pipes is, to say the least of it, somewhat inaccurate!

Yours, &c.
HARMONY.

THE MODERN GIRL AS A BOOK-LOVER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. Kitts, 28 May, 1905.

SIR,—This correspondence is interesting to genuine lovers of literature. Some of us would like to acknowledge appreciation of the views expressed by F. J. Crowest on the subject. Why do not "the girls" speak for themselves? If they did, honestly, would it not be to avow that the last thing in the world they care about is literature—and to spend cash to procure it would be the one objectionable expenditure in the quarter's account of "pin money". In spite of Lady Londonderry's suggested scheme for the mental welfare of modern girls their chief zest will still rest in the "wardrobe" not the "library". The list of works suggested in the columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW as suitable for the "daily hour of improving reading" would—taken on the whole—scare the modern girls as the "red rag" affronts the bull! The literature they select is what some one aptly terms "game literature"—articles in newspapers on their favourite pursuits, cricket, golf, hockey, bridge; and here and there a few shivery novels let in, the kind of volumes which Hannah More designated as "the Huns and Vandals of the printing press". This seems severe. But, speaking generally, it is the truth, as F. J. Crowest realises. The Editor of the Walter Scott Publishing Company says "blame the girls". Some teachers of youth are rather inclined to take the blame in accounting for the intellectual failure of the higher education of girls. For, do schoolmasters or schoolmistresses regard literature with enthusiasm?

The stereotyped form of modern education is calculated to contract a hatred of literature. That literature is studied in modern schools as a compulsory subject with the force that kills all joy in it has been fully commented on by educational idealists of our century. It is related of Sir Richard Sackville that at a certain period of his life he hated books and gave as an explanation of the fact that "he had been to Eton". An old story, but an apposite pendant to the subject of the indifference—sometimes the contemptuous indifference—of modern girls to the great world of literature.

It was Edward Thring who wrote "reading that means reading aloud in schools grows to be hateful". Children in schools never get a notion of what reading really is. "In schools the habit of perusing books for the pleasure of knowledge and mental improvement is rarely cultivated". How different from what literature really means in families of literary tastes and habits, where boys and girls "learn to read" as they "learn to talk"; where following Bridget Elia's example they "tumble into rooms of good old English literature" and learn to browse at will upon fair pasturage.

A. L. G.

"THE KEY TO 'JANE EYRE.'"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarr Hill, Eccleshill, near Bradford,
19 June, 1905.

SIR,—Those of your readers who were interested in my article in the SATURDAY REVIEW on "The Key to 'Jane Eyre'" wherein I dealt with the literary genesis of Charlotte Brontë's most popular work, may have increased interest in that I have made a further Brontë discovery hitherto unknown to any book or paper on the Brontës. To point out its importance I may say that in the 'fifties "when Mrs. Gaskell published her 'Life of Charlotte Brontë' the world was waiting for a revelation which would explain the mystery of 'Jane Eyre'": "Did Miss Brontë write from memory—or was she taught by the inspiration of a creative mind?" asked a SATURDAY REVIEW writer, and his answer was "that so far as was known to her biographer Miss Brontë had never seen or known personally what she had described"—a sentence which succinctly placed before the public the fact that Mrs. Gaskell had given virtually no information on the subject obviously responsible for the world's interest in the personality of the governess—daughter of Haworth's Irish clergyman.

The apparent absence of external evidence in the regard hinted at doubtless may have licensed in irresponsible quarters the imposition on the reading public of illogical conclusions which ignore internal literary evidences.

This further discovery concerning which I here write satisfies at last however the inquiry the internal evidences of Miss Brontë's work have ever brought to the lips of the discerning reader, showing that she wrote from memory in the sense inferred above, and affording us the criteria we would have expected from the Brontë-Héger letters had they not been destroyed.

It is because of its relation to "The Key to 'Jane Eyre'" and the revelations opened out by Montagu's work that I now pen these lines on the testimony of a writer who was familiar indeed with the very intimate circumstances of Charlotte Brontë's Brussels experiences. Together this testimony and Frederic Montagu's "Gleanings in Craven" provide all it were reasonable to desire to know respecting the life-story of Charlotte Brontë and the origin of the Brontë works.

J. MALHAM-DEMBLEBY.

CONVENTIONS IN BRIDGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

220 Herbert Road, Woolwich,
17 June, 1905.

SIR,—The question whether a double should be allowed with ace, king, knave, and 4 hardly affects the main object of my letter, which was to compare the short suit and hearts conventions, as it applies equally to both. The leader would lose one certain support in his choice of suits though he would still avoid a queen suit, other things being equal.

A suit of ace, king, knave, and four others would be blocked by an adversary (either dummy with queen and at least 3, or dealer with queen and at least 2) once in five times. Whether this rule is adopted or not, it should never be rigidly adhered to, but like all other rules in bridge must depend on the score.

If in the example given by Mr. de Mattos the score had been reversed, i.e. adversaries' game and 28 against 6, a double would be perfectly justified even without a knave or 10. The doubler would trust to

- 1st. His partner not having the queen.
- 2nd. His partner having an ace as scout.
- 3rd. His partner must know that he would not be bound by any artificial rules with the score as it was.

There is about an even chance that a suit of ace, king, and five small ones will be blocked by an adversary, and the risk may often be worth running. I should like to add in conclusion that the object of my letter was not to lay down rules, but rather in discussing them to compare their value and say therefore to what extent they should be adhered to.

Yours faithfully,

R. H. CUNNINGTON.

DEFERRED BONUSES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York,
16, 17, and 18 Cornhill, London, E.C.
21 June, 1905.

SIR,—In your issue of the 10th inst. in the course of an appreciative criticism of the report of this company you express your dislike of our policies on the ground that we adopt the deferred bonus system, and that this method is opposed to the true principles of insurance. I seldom comment upon articles in the public press, but the fairness of your remarks and the influence of the SATURDAY REVIEW are abundant justification for an exception to a general rule, provided you will give me the hospitality of your columns.

I can appreciate that general principles may suggest that in a mutual Life office every policy-holder is entitled to share in the profits whether his policy has been in force for a long or short time, but there is another very

practical point in connexion with this question. The great majority of policy-holders desire to provide, for a certain amount of premium, the largest amount of insurance for family provision from the outset; but they also desire to have the option of taking as large a cash payment as possible in later years. In proof of this latter feature it is only necessary to state that while whole Life insurances in the United Kingdom have increased 16 per cent. in seventeen years, Endowment insurances have increased 653 per cent. in the same period. How are these two conflicting requirements to be reconciled? Whole Life insurance is relatively cheap! Endowment insurance is relatively expensive; but by means of the deferred bonus system, accompanied by liberal guarantees as to surrender values, the double requirements can be effectively met. In other words we simply give the policy-holder the option of taking his profits at short intervals and thus making his policy a 'death contract' only, or allow the profits to accumulate for a given period, say fifteen or twenty years, and thus convert his policy, which has hitherto protected his family, into a provision for him in his old age.

The following comparison of a settlement under a Limited Payment Life Policy (issued fifteen years ago from the London office) with a 15-Year Endowment Policy will make quite clear the points above mentioned:

WHOLE LIFE, 15 PAYMENTS, 15-YEAR DISTRIBUTION.

Policy No. 388,717.

Age at issue, 39. Annual premium, £45 5s. 10d.
Amount, £1,000.

Cash bonus, £200 4s.

Reversionary bonus, £347 13s. 4d. = £2 6s. 4d. per cent. per annum.

Cash surrender value, £714 10s. = 105.17 per cent. of premiums paid.

Compare this result with the return which the insured would have received for practically the same premium under a Non-Profit 15-Year Endowment Policy:

15-YEAR NON-PROFIT ENDOWMENT.

Age at issue, 39. Amount, £730.
Annual premium, based on the average rate of British Life offices, £45 10s. 3d.

Amount payable at end of 15 years, £730.

It will be seen that under the Limited Payment Life Policy, the insured, for a lower premium, had cover on his life, during the fifteen years, for £1,000, as against £730 offered under the non-profit endowment, while at the end of fifteen years the holder of the policy No. 388,717 had the option of taking—

- (1) A Cash Bonus of £200 4s., and, in addition, a paid-up policy (payable at death) for £1,000; or
- (2) A reversionary addition to his policy of £347 13s. 4d., being equal to £2 6s. 4d. per cent. per annum, making the amount payable at death (no further premiums) £1,347 13s. 4d.
- (3) A cash surrender value of £714 10s.

I am sure I need not labour the point, or waste your valuable space in endeavouring to demonstrate which is the more advantageous contract to the insured.

Yours truly,

D. C. HALDEMAN,
General Manager.

[We fully appreciate the advantage of the limited payment life policy which insures £1,000 at death within fifteen years and £714 at the end of that time as compared with endowment assurance for £730 throughout for the same premium; but if our correspondent means that this result is mainly due to the deferred bonus system we do not agree with him. It is caused by large bonuses and exceptionally liberal surrender values. Annual bonuses during the fifteen years would make very little difference to the final result. Mr. Haldeman does not touch the question of deferred versus annual bonuses.—ED. S. R.]

THE BUILDERS.

A LONDON VISION.

STAGGERING slowly, and swaying

Heavily at each slow foot's lift and drag,

With tense eyes careless of the roar and throng

That under jut and jag

Of half-built wall and scaffold streams along,

Six bowed men straining strong

Bear, hardly lifted, a huge lintel stone.

This ignorant thing and prone,

Mere dumbness, blindly weighing,

A brute piece of blank death, a bone

Of the stark mountain, helpless and inert,

Yet draws each sinew till the hot veins swell

And sweat-drops upon hand and forehead start,

Till with short pants the suffering heart

Throbs to the throat, where fiercely hurt

Crushed shoulders cannot heave; till thought and

sense

Are nerved and narrowed to one aim intense,

One effort scarce to be supported longer!

What tyrant will in man or God were stronger

To summon, thrall and seize

The exaction of life's uttermost resource

That from the down-weighted breast and aching knees

To arms lifted in pain

And hands that grapple and strain

Upsurges, thrusting desperate to repel

The pressure and the force

Of this, which neither feels, nor hears, nor sees?

LAURENCE BINYON.

REVIEWS.

SCHILLER.

"Schiller after a Century." By John G. Robertson. London: Blackwood. 1905. 2s. 6d. net.

A CYNIC may well be excused for smiling at the vast divergencies between the sentiments uttered on the centenary of the birth as compared with that of the death of even the greatest writer or artist. As a rule, if the hero has lived the allotted span of years and is considered worthy of a Commemoration at all a hundred years after his birthday, the verdict pronounced by its promoters, almost his contemporaries, is entirely favourable, often fulsome in its terms. But in the century that follows his death our estimate tends to grow saner. A higher standard is applied; we judge from a wider point of view; and the giant assumes less superhuman proportions, even if he does not come to look very much of our own height.

Schiller's first Centenary fluttered the German dovecotes in 1859, and was celebrated with whole-hearted and indiscriminate enthusiasm. Already in this present year (he died at the early age of forty-six) we have commemorated the hundredth anniversary of his death, but in soberer, juster mood. Characteristic of this change from the unreasoned hero-worship that degrades both idol and idolater, to the judicial yet sympathetic estimate of the great German dramatist, is Professor Robertson's little volume, recently published as an English contribution towards the Schiller-Fest of last May. The work is from its nature too brief to enable the author to do more than touch upon the Suabian master as poet, philosopher and historian. Of Schiller as a man, as the jealous rival and finally the close friend of Goethe, as the devoted husband of Charlotte, as the sanguine, optimistic correspondent of Wieland and Körner, he says

little. And indeed it is not in these relations that the cruel kindness of his admirers' unstinted adulation so much needs undoing. It is on the literary rather than on the political and social sides of his career that reconsideration is needed. Schiller found fame too soon. The appearance of "Die Räuber" in 1781 was made the occasion for hailing him the German Shakespeare. And yet for all its vitality and vigour modern criticism would scarcely place this youthful tour de force in the front rank of his dramatic works. Even responsible German writers have seen in him the great national poet of Germany, others the poet of freedom, others again, save the mark, the apostle of German Romanticism. What wonder that there has sprung up a school of Schiller-haters, not only in Germany but throughout Europe, culminating in Nietzsche with his brilliant, if bitter, sneer at the "moral Trumpeter of Säckingen". The pendulum has swung a long way back since 1859 and the one view is as unfair to the master as the other.

As a poet it is rather by his dramas that Schiller is appraised to-day. The ballads, though to them perhaps most of his popularity is due, judged at this distance of time do not impress us as works of great genius. As a writer of lyrics he unfortunately but inevitably challenges comparison with Heine. And even in his great series of dramas there is much that rightly fails to appeal to modern taste and therefore falls short of winning even that comparative immortality to which he unaffectedly aspired. "Fiesco", "Kabale und Liebe" of the early period, "Don Carlos", that curious product of the poet's sudden breaking away from what almost bordered on originality, and then "Wallenstein", "Maria Stuart", "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" (according to Goethe the finest of his works), followed by "Die Braut von Messina" and "Wilhelm Tell", all these show us Schiller striving with indomitable courage and nobility of purpose to evolve a great German drama for all time and yet producing one whose real influence was doomed to exhaust itself almost in its own century. That he deliberately distorted the historical facts on which he based his plays matters little; greater dramatists than he have shown no less license. His limitations as a writer of tragedy were largely those of his own making. Professor Robertson would have us believe that he was un-German, even cosmopolitan, and though the mere suggestion savours of lèse-majesté towards "Unser Schiller" it must be admitted that the principles at all events of his dramatic art were those of "Aristotle and his Philosophie". Whatever the effect he achieved he certainly set out to treat the mediaeval and modern themes he chose in the spirit of Sophocles and the great classical French tragedians Corneille and Racine. He followed in the spirit of Lessing rather than of Shakespeare. And it must not be overlooked that in these views he had as support and companion Goethe himself. The friendship between them that at last took firm root was largely based on their free exchange of views, dating from 1795 onwards, concerning questions of literary or aesthetic criticism. Indeed it is curious to note that like Goethe Schiller came rather late to the appreciation of Shakespeare's plays. It was long before he could get over the shock of the clown being allowed to break in upon the most moving scenes in "Hamlet". "I was not yet", he confessed, "capable of understanding Nature at first-hand. I could only endure the picture of it as reflected through the understanding, and to that end the French sentimental poets and the Germans from 1750 to 1780 were the right people for me."

As an historian Schiller was never really eminent. His two serious contributions to historical study, "The History of the Revolt of the Netherlands" and the "Thirty Years War", for all their picturesque passages and cadenced phrases were the result of no independent research and were often lacking in breadth of view and political impartiality. His style too seems at times redundant; as in some of his plays, notably "Maria Stuart", he is only grandiose when he would be grand, prolix rather than impressive. But the great age of German historians had not yet dawned. The ideal of historical writing in Schiller's day was a sober presentation of generally accepted facts, with some semi-

philosophical commentary by way of raising a mere story to the dignity of history. Schiller was vivid and even brilliant. It was therefore in the spirit of Macaulay and Froude rather than of Ranke or Mommsen that he set himself to unravel the plots and counterplots of the great religious war. And as German history went in the eighteenth century, his volumes were unique in that they were not dull.

As a philosopher and in particular as a keen inquirer into questions of Aesthetics Schiller's influence has been undoubtedly and even to-day in this field his name stands deservedly high. It was not so much that he was profoundly original but that in a highly abstruse subject his undoubted gifts of expression and clearness of thinking stood him in good stead, and that he brought the rather shadowy principles of Aesthetics into closer, directer relations with the world of art. "It is Schiller", so wrote Hegel himself, "to whom we must give credit for the great service of having broken through the Kantian subjectivity and abstraction of thought and having ventured upon going quite beyond it". Originally accepting the Kantian system he set himself to study various problems of which Kant had either found no solution or according to Schiller an erroneous one. He definitely claimed to have proved the existence of an objective quality in beauty, something by virtue of which it was beautiful, as opposed to the prevailing ideas of the subjectivity of beauty. In what then does this quality manifest itself? Schiller's answer is twofold, in the idea of aesthetic semblance (ästhetischer Schein) and in the Play-impulse or Spieltrieb. These ideas and especially the latter he worked out with great brilliance and clearness and though "the play theory" of the beautiful has an inevitable tendency to divide life as it were into water-tight compartments for work and play (Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst) it became half a century later the foundation of many of Herbert Spencer's most ingenious arguments.

What else he would have achieved in poetry, history or art, had he lived to old age, is of little moment. His personality, his attitude towards life with its invincible optimism, was that which made so deep an impression on his contemporaries and on German thought. He has been called a preacher, but it is a half-truth only. Germany in Schiller's time needed courage more than literary genius, hopefulness in the future, which must have seemed gloomy enough, and Schiller's fame will rest and rest worthily on these same qualities, when even his own people no longer see in him the German Shakespeare in excelsis.

EMILIA DILKE.

"The Book of the Spiritual Life." By the late Lady Dilke. With a Memoir. London: Murray. 1905. 10s. 6d. net.

THE memoir of Lady Dilke written by her second husband is considerably more than half of this book, but it might have been expanded into the regulation Life and yet not tell the public more than it wished to know about an unusually gifted woman whose intimacies and reputation were by no means insular. Lady Dilke's career was at once brilliant, piquant, and many-sided. If she had her severe critics, and had at least once to face a public but not pharisaic disapprobation, yet it could be written of her by the Marquise de Sassenay—"Jamais personne ne dira assez ce qu'elle était: elle avait tout—beauté, bonté de cœur, haute intelligence, simplicité. Comment ne pas chérir cette femme d'élite si absolument complète et unique."

Emilia Francis Strong was of American loyalist extraction and was brought up in the strictest High Church principles. Of the former she was proud to the last. Of her early Puseyism, strengthened in her, the memoir says, by a strictly logical process, by calm thought and historical study, she retained the mystical standpoint, the doctrine of renunciation, detachment and self-discipline, and the fragrance of such devotional literature as the "Imitatio", the "Confessions" and the "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying". From Jeremy Taylor, in fact, her prose learned some-

thing of the delicate cadence which sometimes errs on the side of preciousness, and is always in danger of seeming a trick; it is well exemplified in a passage like this:—"The lamp of life lights our way to death. The more keenly we pursue our aims, the more swiftly we exhaust the little measure of oil that feeds the flame shining in our darkness. We are free, like the Phenix, but to choose the materials of which we will build our funeral pyre. We carry, with some approach to the end, the burden of each day's hopes and fears, counting the steps by which we have come nearer to the fulfilment of our heart's desire. . . . This in truth is the strait gate leading to the way of the spiritual life, that a man shall count no sacrifice too great by the which he may purchase the controul of his own mind and take captive his thoughts, as they were prisoners held by him at the forfeit of a royal ransom. For such as they whose feet frequent the street and the market-place, whose desires are wholly towards the kingdoms of this world, the hour of meditation strikes in vain." Yet she wanted, the memoir says, tune in her singing and metrical skill in her verses.

The "anarchy caused by the shock to her beliefs following upon her marriage"—at the age of twenty-one—"to Mark Pattison and her introduction to an intellectual society at Oxford not animated by faith in revealed religion" was stayed for a time by reading Comte. But the flaw which she thought she had found in Newman and the Fathers, that crown of glory promised to them that love God which Pattison sneered at as payment by results, was discovered in Comtism itself. The positivism which she adopted became after all the usual eclectic attempt to make the ethical aroma of Christianity serve instead of a creed, while using the phraseology of the creed in a vague mystical sense. The beauty of religion is not an idea of which the English mind has much hold. Still we have heard rather too much lately about the artistic power of the Cross. The day when duty and delight will coincide is still far off, and the narcissus flowers are not gathered in Gethsemane. Was it its exactitude of scholarship or a memory of the Cambridge Platonists which made the wife of the Rector of Lincoln prefer Granta to the "Shrine of Death"? The "Vision of Learning" echoes some of the Pattisonian dislike of Oxford. Yet unreformed Oxford, after all, was the nursing-mother of ideas; and (as we read here) "all the great changes that have taken place in the lives of men, all the great changes that have affected the destinies of the race, have had their departure from the secret places of thought". Those secret places now lie as open to the rude and garish day as the penetralia of Priam's palace when Troy was taken. Oxford is a place of bustling and bicycling dons, of Rhodes scholars and summer extensionists. It is not a shrine of thought but an examination centre.

Lady Dilke liked to think to the end that democracy and culture might be reconciled and make a match, not seeing that the multitude becomes more bourgeois and sophisticated every day. As a member of the new Radical Club she was not very comfortable. It was the social side of political problems which ever appealed to her, and her zeal for Women's Rights was animated by the belief that the miseries of womanhood would only be redressed when it was a political force. She deprecated any climbing of the wall of social conventions—but are they conventions?—and wrote in 1890:—"I am of the old-fashioned belief that the ideal place for a woman is her home; that, while the man goes forth to work, her task should be the making of that home holy and blessed to all that dwell with her." Sister Dora's sister-in-law felt as she did about this.

But it was, of course, as an authority on the art of the Renaissance that Lady Dilke set her mark on her generation. She had been brought up at Ruskin's feet in the school of Christian mediævalism; but writing to her in 1887 the master said: "I thought you always one of my terriblest, unconquerablest and antagonisticest powers. When you sat studying Renaissance with me in the Bodleian, I supposed you to intend contradicting everything I had ever said about art, history, or social science. My dear child, what have you ever

done in my way, or as I bid?" Some of her most striking articles on what became her special subject were contributed to the SATURDAY REVIEW, though she wrote on other subjects as well. Perhaps her philosophy of aesthetics did not go very deep—but she had a woman's faculty of delicate perception in the highest degree. What she says about the modern passion for grandeur in scenery is an example of this. Love, with her, is of the valley and the plain, of the green alp browsed by kine, of the nestling chalet and friendly towns of simple old-world architecture, rather than of the majestic snow-crowned peaks. The artists of the great era, in every land, hated the selva selvaggia, but loved the enamelled mead, the rich bosage haunted by birds, the crystal stream, the mossy carpet, the haywain and the rest, leaving it to a small and self-conscious age to rave about the sublime. After all, man is only six foot high, and a mountain of sixteen thousand must be kept a long way off, if proportion, which is the chief element in beauty, is not to be destroyed. The Umbrian painters with their sweet, humble landscapes did not worship Nature the less that they said very little about her.

Everyone will be glad to have these posthumous essays of Lady Dilke's, which were not quite ready for publication when she died. Her husband has shown his great gratitude in his account of her life. Certain events in it he passes over sicco pede. It is well, however, to have an authoritative denial of the idea that Casaubon in "Middlemarch" was meant for Mark Pattison and Dorothea for his young bride, though it is true that the sketch of Dodo's religious ideas was taken from Mrs. Pattison's letters to George Eliot.

LESSONS FROM THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

"The 'Times' History of the War in South Africa." Vol. III. Edited by L. S. Amery. London: Sampson Low. 1905. 21s. net.

THIS long-expected volume will be welcomed by those who have been awaiting the detailed and scientific account of the most interesting portion of our great struggle. That it is intensely absorbing there can be no doubt. That it is scientific will be more open to question. But whatever the verdict on it none will deny the conspicuous industry and loyal endeavour to secure accuracy which is almost invariably manifest, while the conscientious effort to reveal the causes which lay at the root of success and failure, to instruct as well as record, are most praiseworthy. Of criticism there is no lack. Generals, staffs, regimental officers, and private soldiers, each in turn come under the lash, some are harshly treated, others are lightly let off, but no one completely escapes. On the whole we hold that this extremely critical attitude is justifiable, though some will no doubt be of a different opinion. Since however the book has been compiled not merely to furnish a record of what was done, but to point a moral and suggest how improvements may be effected in future campaigns, it is manifestly right to let those who read it see facts as they really were, and not pander to sentiment in making heroes of numskulls, and formidable fighting men out of half-trained yokels, or corner boys. We willingly credit the authors and the editor with the desire to reveal our military weaknesses in a patriotic spirit, determined at any cost to let the nation know whether we are drifting, to find a cure for national apathy or indifference even at the expense of the considerable pain which must accompany a drastic process. Nothing less than the cautery will stay the advance of certain horrible diseases. Nothing less than the plainest speaking will check the ruinous inefficiency which did, and we fear does, disgrace our military methods. It was the glory of Napier that he vindicated the honour of the British soldier. But he was the champion of a worthy cause. Our men at the beginning of the nineteenth century were unsurpassed in manly vigour, and had met the best troops of the world with the odds against them and had been victorious by the exercise of the same virtues which Cæsar extolled in his legions. We finally triumphed

three years ago also, but no one can assert that we returned with untarnished laurels or buoyant exultation, and no one can ever forget the lack of self-sacrifice and discipline leading up to incidents which have been euphemistically termed "regrettable". Those who show resentment because in these pages it is admitted that man for man our opponents were usually superior to us should receive no sympathy or support. We won, but in many a fight before the end at length came in sight had a handful of peasants put to shame the so-called veterans that represented England. To admit the truth is the first step on the road that leads to amendment. We have had enough of the epics of newspaper correspondents, enough of bloodless triumphs, and cheaply won distinctions. When pitted once more against an enemy adequately armed we shall gain no more pinchbeck renown, we shall have to fight as we have had to do in the past, and as we see two nations fighting now, and we shall have to put in the field better representatives of the manhood of this country than we have grown accustomed to if we are to escape defeat. We thank Mr. Amery therefore for not attempting to mince matters, and for telling an unvarnished tale which if not pleasant is certainly instructive reading.

But when he leaves the regimental officers and men and the generals of not the highest rank we must point out that he has not managed always to escape from the influence of popular adulation and prestige. Buller we hold is treated with nothing less than justice. Spion Kop is the centre of a hideous tragedy of incompetence only to be surpassed in the culmination of vacillation revealed by the tale of Val Krantz. The tales of these two supreme examples of vicious leadership are told with a simple directness which defies contradiction. The facts are there fixed for ever in the telegrams and despatches of the main actors. It might have been kinder to bury them, it would be pleasant and comforting to forget them. But they are there, and it is for the public good that they should not be blotted out. There is usually no attempt to play the odious part of the mentor wise after the event, or the detractor armed with insinuations as to what might have been. Usually we repeat it is not so, but where White is concerned we regret to have to admit that the book is marred by the passages in which he is belittled and its claim to a judicial attitude is there, we fear, somewhat shaken. White was placed in perhaps the most difficult position which a British general ever had to face. He was hampered by politicians, he was made a scapegoat of by the men who sent him out to deal with a situation which should have been recognised as all but hopeless from the first. He was treated with scant courtesy by Buller when in his pride, and with an absolute want of consideration when he had been humbled. Yet with a spirit and courage equal to the brightest examples in our history he not only kept his own flag flying, but encouraged his would-be rescuer not to haul down his. In the annals of war another example of besieged not only having to frown down his immediate opponents but sustain the courage of his rescuer is scarcely to be found. The defence of Ladysmith is rightly regarded with Colesberg as one of the few achievements of which we may justly feel proud. The men suffered starvation and sickness with a constancy and patience unsurpassed, and inflicted on 6 January a defeat on their opponents which was decisive. A sinister impression is therefore conveyed when White is uniformly disparaged. Something akin to personal partisanship will we fear be suspected too when Ian Hamilton is defended, and a singularly inept endeavour made to cover his neglect properly to strengthen his section of the defences. The Boers were better judges in this matter than Mr. Amery. Their instinct led them unerringly as it did all through the campaign to the weak spot, and while the sections so admirably protected by Knox and Howard were never seriously assailed, the positions entrusted to but neglected by Hamilton were all but captured. In the narrative itself the story of the operations in Natal is broken by the great events which were meanwhile occurring in the Free State. We may however here fitly finish our notice of what is said of the struggles on the Tugela and the eventual relief of Ladysmith.

However harsh the criticism directed on Buller may seem to the large number of persons who have constituted themselves his admirers, we feel certain that time will more than justify what is here set down. The management of the relieving operations from Val Krantz to Pieters were the very negation of true generalship. We have no space to follow the events in detail here, but that the criticism of the "Times" is just we believe every man of military knowledge and open mind will freely admit. It was really in spite of Buller that Ladysmith was relieved at all. Even when he wanted to get there, he wished to do so in a perfunctory manner on the most comfortable terms. To inflict a decisive blow on his opponents and make the relief of Ladysmith only an incident in a great plan of operations never entered his head. Thus he all but failed in his final effort as he had failed in his three previous attempts. And when the Boers fled demoralised and an opportunity was offered him of converting a success into a huge triumph he let it slip. He allowed the Boers to go, thankful to see the last of them, and as a kind of protest from White the only attempt at pursuit was made by the worn-out garrison of Ladysmith.

Turning to the other side of the theatre of war we can commend the literary ability displayed in the tale of Roberts' flank march, of French's charge for Kimberley, and the rounding-up of Cronje. The style is admirable and here the temper displayed is throughout judicial. With but a few exceptions, where the soundness of the military comments may be questioned, a broad grasp of the big strategical factors in the problem is shown. Praise is given to Lord Roberts but praise by no means unqualified or indiscriminate. The costly error he was responsible for when his supply park was abandoned at Waterval Drift, the desire to avoid loss and the consequent delay which at Paardeberg all but lost him the fruits of his strategy, are by no means condoned, but the praise which is rightly his is given him ungrudgingly. In his broad conception of what the needs of the situation demanded, in his determination to carry out the plan he had formed in spite of the difficulties and distractions he encountered he showed himself a general of the true mould. He succeeded by force of character and judgment, and it is perhaps doubtful if anyone else in our army would have been as successful. When however the position of a great strategist is assigned to him we decline to endorse the opinion. The conception of making the occupation of Bloemfontein and Pretoria the objectives of his strategical operations vitiated from the first their soundness. The swift and complete destruction of the hostile main force in the field is what the great strategists ever made their goal. Some passages concerning Paardeberg in this volume certainly show that the "Times" historian realises the truth and importance of this principle, but he expresses himself somewhat dubiously on the subject in others, and his usually excellent comments have not given sufficient indication to the student of the fallacy that jeopardised and eventually marred much of Roberts' success. In what is said of Kitchener and Paardeberg which has already provoked controversy we cordially agree. In this case a degree of tactical incompetency was exhibited hardly less conspicuous than that of Buller. The incapacity is not so repellent because it was founded on a laudable desire to get at grips with his opponent at once, and crush him suddenly and decisively. Buller's faults were based on a totally opposite tendency, and were more deleterious because a fighting spirit is a sine qua non to a commander. But the hopeless confusion, interference with subordinates, incompetent staff work, and general tactical inefficiency revealed by the account of the opening of what was eventually a great victory are as painful reading as anything that is recorded of the campaign south of Ladysmith. The truth is that though Lord Kitchener exhibited the fact that he had determination and a strong will he had far better have left the conduct of operations to Kelly-Kenny, whom the German General Staff has rightly recognised with French as our most capable general in South Africa. It is necessary to insist on this because the purpose of this history is not only to record but to improve and instruct, and

the shadow of a great name should not be allowed to cover deficiencies that should be frankly exposed if benefit from reading military history is to be acquired. Finally we will not part with Mr. Amery's volume without endorsing what he has to say in sympathy with Buller. That officer had shown himself to be a man of undoubted ability of a certain kind, and it is not he that is to blame but the system which made him what he was. Small wars and easy victories, a vicious system of training, and false conceptions of the duties of the staff will not produce skilled generals, or an efficient army. A few great men in a century are big enough to shake off the effects of effete surroundings, while sound principles and a true military spirit will educate and develop mediocrity until many substitutes for genius are produced.

OLD FURNITURE.

"Old English Furniture." By F. Fenn and B. Wyllie. London : Newnes. 1905. 7s. 6d.

"Chats on Old Furniture." By Arthur Hayden. London : Unwin. 1905. 5s.

MANY people appear to think that provided a piece of furniture is old, it must also be valuable or at least beautiful; it is for them that the made-up stuff which is put upon the old furniture market is principally intended. This superstition and blind belief in age for its own sake coupled with the modern craze for cheapness is no doubt a direct incentive to fraud, but Messrs. Fenn and Wyllie surely allow imagination to run riot in assuming that "fine and whole pieces of china are broken up and riveted together" for the delectation of the ignoramus. A bit of china loses something like 90 per cent. of its value if cracked, and the dealer who deliberately broke it with the hope of cheating a fool would prove himself a bigger fool than his prospective customer. The public will not be converted to the view that the best modern workmanship cannot be surpassed for its finish by an overstatement of the case. "The little knowledge that everyone has nowadays" breeds suspicion even though it also creates faith, and the crushed ignoramus is entitled to some sympathy if he round on experts who speak glibly of oak tables, which "probably date from the early Henrys", stowed away in barns and stables, and dower-chests which date "possibly from the Conquest or may be even from Saxon times". Considerable allowance must be made for the vagaries of expert opinion, but bargain-hunters would be very much indebted to Messrs. Fenn and Wyllie for more precise information as to where such rare relics may be picked up at a reasonable figure, for oak tables of the early Henrys might be considered distinctly early, were it not that a small table figuring in plate xi., which looks like seventeenth-century work, is called "early" and so deprives that word of any particular meaning. Discretion should be used in accepting the periods assigned to specimens delineated in "Old English Furniture" for plate iii. shows a table with the feather pattern peculiar to the early seventeenth century and calls it Tudor, plate xii. an oak press—or to be more accurate, a court cupboard—which though probably of the early seventeenth is put down to the sixteenth century, whilst a toilet-glass depicted in plate xxxi. has every appearance of the early eighteenth century make, in spite of its being marked Stuart period. There does not seem to be any satisfactory reason for the assertion that carved oak presses—by which it is presumed court cupboards are meant—belong chiefly to the North of England, since court cupboards may be met with all over the country, nor for the statement that oak chests with the Norman arch and the Tudor rose are not plentiful, as chests of the Elizabethan era and early seventeenth century with the arch are fairly common, the Tudor rose belonging to an earlier period. The presses referred to on p. 20 as large cupboards were certainly never intended to be cupboards, for from the description given they were evidently designed for the purpose of hanging clothes; a technical term should only be used for those pieces of furniture to which it is applicable. Still the many illus-

trations of good models make "Old English Furniture" worth its price, but the pictures do not altogether atone for the obvious inaccuracies and want of method in the text. Messrs. Fenn and Wyllie are inclined to antedate a good deal of their furniture, in some cases by fifty years, in others by even more; they call washing-hand stands and towel-horses "washstands" and "towel-airers", and make use of that abominable word "antique" in writing of bureaux, but they show a proper appreciation of the merits of seventeenth-century furniture and are "at home" with Chippendale and his successors.

In "Chats on Old Furniture" Mr. Hayden has worked at his subject on systematic lines, and, remembering that English furniture can be roughly classed into periods according to the nature of the wood used in its construction, has made his book what it purports to be, "a practical guide for the collector". The bibliography contained in the opening pages and "the glossary of terms used" show a careful consideration for the reader and the numerous plates include several pictures of chairs which are well worth notice. There is a curious error on p. 74 where a court cupboard called early seventeenth century should be marked about 1580, whilst the plate which follows it marked 1580 should be called early seventeenth century. Collectors from the United States have already taken from the old country many of its "unappreciated treasures", and we share Mr. Hayden's hope that his "little volume may not fall on stony ground and that the possessors of fine old English furniture may realise their responsibilities" before all of it has left English shores to fill the collections of Americans. But unfortunately the description of these treasures as generally unappreciated by English men and women is only too just.

SOME NOTES ON CLAVERHOUSE.

"John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee." By Charles Sandford Terry. London : Constable. 1905. 12s. 6d. net.

A CONCISE and readable Life of Claverhouse was very desirable and this Mr. Terry has supplied. Mark Napier's "Life of Dundee" in three volumes was cumbersome, and too full of the author's personal controversies, but we should not have called it "frenzied". Napier's work is indeed entitled to respect, for the principal source of accurate information—namely the Queensberry papers belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch—had to be consulted by him in manuscript, while Mr. Terry has the advantage of seeing the whole of these printed by the Historical MSS. Commission. No apology was needed for the new biography, and that given in the preface does not seem quite fair to one who worked harder, and was the first to expose the mass of calumny with which the name of Claverhouse has always been assailed. The great work of Claverhouse was the suppression of the Covenanters, in the discharge of his duty as a soldier, and that of organising, as Viscount Dundee, the last Scottish host fighting for a legitimate and *de facto* King.

Although Mr. Terry's book is written in a better critical method than was Napier's, they do not substantially differ in their conclusions. Whenever people of strong religious views are prosecuted for rebellion and in the end prevail so that in the opinion of the living majority their religion was correct, of course it follows that they were persecuted on account of their faith, and they obtain the reputation of martyrs. What Mark Napier first, and Mr. Terry now, expose is the real character of the Covenanters. Their religion was that of doctrinal Nihilists recognising no authority in Church or State but their own. Both authors also expose their morality proving that some of them approved, and even practised, private assassination as a means to their end. No government could have tolerated such fanatics, and it was the Protestant Privy Council which appointed soldiers to suppress them. Of the commanders Claverhouse became the most prominent; his measures were both rigorous and effectual—therefore merciful—and

after the King and Established Church were overthrown at the Revolution Settlement he was congruously styled "Bloody Clavers". Tombstones were erected, many of which exist, to the memory of the "martyrs", on which were placed inscriptions false in fact and certainly in execrable taste. All this is exposed by Mr. Terry soberly and critically in well-chosen language pleasant as a narrative.

Dundee's great campaign in the Highlands ending with his death at Killiecrankie is admirably described, and the story loses nothing in romance and fascination. Two excellent maps are added, one of the campaign, the other of the field of battle where English soldiers, fully organised and drilled, were swept from the field by half-armed and half-clothed Highlanders, in defiance of the whole science of war. The victory of King James would in any event have been useless, and the death of the hero concluded the drama. These are the salient features of a Life of Dundee. The orthodox introduction on his ancestry in this volume is meagre, reference being made to an article in a new peerage not yet printed, and the author seems to be unaware that the ancestry is officially recorded. One section of the work is perhaps rather wearisome where the author discusses the manner in which Claverhouse acquired the lands of the Scrymgeours, adding an aspersion on the character of the Earl of Aberdeen, which with such knowledge as we possess of the contemporary documents we think unnecessary and perhaps unjust.

In some of the contemporary correspondence about Dundee allusion is made to his marriage. As John Graham, in command of forces sent to disperse the Covenanters, he married Lady Jean Cochrane of a family in sympathy with them. The process of courtship and the young lady's admiration for one whom her immediate relations considered an enemy would be a theme for the highest romance, but unfortunately the love letters and chronicles are lost. It is melancholy to observe how the intriguers on the Royalist side tried to use this marriage as a means of supplanting the object of their envy—happily without success.

A question debated by Mr. Terry, and on which he appears to have remained in doubt, is whether there was any basis for the contemporary belief that Dundee's death at Killiecrankie was due to treachery. His breast-plate now preserved at Blair Castle has been treated as evidence opposed to the story, for it has a hole in the centre, and if Dundee was shot by some one in his own ranks he would have been shot in the side. There is however little doubt, as explained in an appendix, that the fatal shot entered the eye, and the suspicion of foul play is partly derived from the offer of a large reward for Dundee's body, living or dead.

Mr. Terry successfully proves that Dundee's alleged letter to the King after he was wounded is not genuine, but is an adaptation of a proclamation of which the original is in the Bodleian Library. We regret that his critical faculty has prevented all reference to the marvellous; for Dundee's appearance immediately after his death to his great friend Colin Earl of Balcarres in prison is just one of those myths an historian, equipped with the magician's art, would not omit. Mr. Terry's work is however worthy of the subject, vindicating one who added lustre to a great name and family. Dundee is exhibited in his true character—a fine soldier—a good Christian—a tender husband—who sacrificed all he had in obedience to the call of conscience. He was glorious in his life and happy in his death at the moment when his Sovereign, his Church, and the independence of his country were to pass away.

THE FLUTE OF PAN.

"*The Flute of Pan: a Romance.*" By John Oliver Hobbes. London: Unwin. 6s.

MRS. CRAIGIE is quite the most disappointing of modern novelists. She keeps one ever expectant. She seems ever on the point of producing some weightier matter than has yet come from her. She possesses to an unusual degree the art of tantalisation. In every one of her books the reader is kept from chapter to chapter in a feverish state of anxiety. His

imagination is constantly being titillated and he awaits eagerly a satisfactory consummation. But this is never permitted, and he closes the book with the sensation that he has been tricked. The fact is that Mrs. Craigie will never let herself go. Emotional to a degree she distrusts all exhibitions of emotion. She is afraid to follow her argument whithersoever it leads. She is terribly afraid of ever appearing wholly in earnest and of making herself ridiculous. If she had less humour she would have more power. Humour with her is, in fact, a kind of obsession. It obtrudes between her and her story. Living people have very seldom any keen sense of the ridiculous. Few, if any, of the dramatic situations of life would bear exhibition in the clear pitiless light of humour. So long as Mrs. Craigie is playing lightly over the surface of things she is wholly delightful, but when she sounds the deeper notes her touch becomes uncertain. It is as a psychologist that she would make her appeal. But psychology is not her strong point. Her methods are those of the dilettante. Her wit, her sprightliness, her skill in brilliant dialogue, her irony, above all, her power of presenting an atmosphere of refinement and good-breeding—these are the qualities that command for her books a wide following. She can hit off with absolute delicacy and at the same time fidelity the foibles of the age in which she lives. She can suggest the tears that lie behind the outward semblance of cheerfulness, the bitterness of disillusion, the flippancy of despair. But although she has skill in the dissection of men and women, she cannot vivisect them. She cannot present them quivering with life, carried away by passion in a manner that will carry conviction. Her self-repression has made her work artificial.

"*The Flute of Pan*" might very well have been called "Some Emotions and a Moral". There is a great deal of talk—much of it charming talk—a great deal of tilting at the pettiness of life in Court circles, but there is very little action. Lord Feldershey, a spoilt child of fortune, having got hopelessly bored with the artificiality of his surroundings, determines to live "the simple life" in Venice. He sets up an art school and everything is going on serenely with him when there arrives on the scene the Princess of Siguria, a lady with whom he has had tender passages in earlier days. She has come to invite him to be her Prince Consort, outwardly on the ground of utility since a strong man is needed in Siguria to fight her battles, but in reality because she is deeply in love with him. He, on his side, has lost none of his passion for her, but disguises the fact because she has treated him badly in the past. The whole point of the story lies in the relations of these two and in their mutual misunderstandings. And it is here that, so it seems to us, Mrs. Craigie's psychology goes hopelessly astray.

Feldershey is represented all along as the beau ideal of manliness. He is, in fact, more or less the type of hero which conventional "lady novelists" love to depict. He is just such a hero as played havoc with the heart of Jane Eyre and many characters of less worth. Heroically brave and abnormally strong his manner is brusque to the point of rudeness. Detesting humbug and deceit, he has a way of airing his unpleasant opinions at all sorts of inconvenient moments. And yet we are asked to believe that a man of such temperament would have allowed himself to be the prey of all kinds of jealous suspicions. On this supposition the story turns. Whenever there seems a likelihood of a rapprochement between Feldershey and the Princess some unfortunate circumstance arises which seems to give colour to his supposition that she is carrying on an intrigue with another man. She, on her part, has no idea of his suspicions (which are of course quite unfounded) and can only attribute his brutal treatment of her to lack of affection. The artificial barriers thus erected drag on the story to its weak and impotent conclusion when all is set right. Now it is certain on the evidence of Mrs. Craigie that Feldershey on having his suspicions aroused would have taken one of three courses. He would either have dismissed the suspicions straightway from his mind, killed his man or had it out with the Princess. That he did none of these things, convenient as it may be for the story, renders the former analysis of his character worthless. The

Princess, although better drawn, is frequently equally inconceivable. It would not matter, of course, in the least were it not for the fact that Mrs. Craigie deliberately challenges our attention as a psychologist and refers in her introduction to her well-known "psychological interests".

NOVELS.

"*The War of the Sexes.*" By F. E. Young. London: John Long. 1905. 6s.

Several stories have been written telling of the adventures and experiences of "the last man", but it has remained for Mr. F. E. Young to hit upon the idea of a last man left in a world of women, to give us in a word a romance of parthenogenesis! The idea seems a new one but it would take the ability of a Mr. Wells to weave an interesting, or the drollery of a Mark Twain to devise a humorous, story on the theme, and Mr. Young comes an immeasurable distance behind either of those romancers. "*The War of the Sexes*" might have made a passable magazine story but it is far too thin for a full-priced novel. We were rather distressed on reading the earlier chapters to find that the women who had improved men off the face of the earth had retained all manner of present-day slang, but as we got on towards the end and found the whole business nothing but a dream the slight interest which had been aroused died away, and we reached the close with a sigh of relief.

"*The Countermine.*" By Arthur Wenlock. London: Rivers. 1905. 6s.

We have the misfortune to dislike military melodramas even on the stage, and cannot see why anyone should wish to produce them in the form of novels. Mr. Wenlock gives us a medley of a foreign spy, the indiscreet daughter of a British general, and two or three British officers of the type expected in fiction. Why the hero should risk disgrace sooner than admit to his superiors a family secret in no way discreditable, or why another officer should commit suicide on the chance that his death may produce impossible consequences, the author never explains. There is a prolonged court-martial episode, and the foreign villain has the life crushed out of him by the sinewy hands of a British major. In fact the novel has many of the elements of that particular kind of popularity which better novelists desire to avoid.

"*Marian Sax: a Novel.*" By E. Maria Albarensi. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1905. 6s.

In her latest novel the author of "*Susannah and One Elder*" makes use of a large number of hackneyed tricks in her "plot". The financial and social adventurer who has an unknown wife in the background; the noble young man who lets the family estate and goes out to labour that he may pay debts which are not his own; the ne'er-do-well brother who keeps up gentlemanly appearances on nothing a year; the tools and victims of the adventurer. It is very much "the mixture as (many score of times) before". Non-critical readers who only ask for incident, and plenty of it, for lay figures dressed up in conventional characters, for dramatic coincidence at every turn will find much to please them in "*Marian Sax*". Readers more exacting can but marvel over the continued success of such work.

"*Lucie and I.*" By Henrietta Corkran. London: Unwin. 1905. 6s.

Lucie is a beautiful heartless cousin of Me, but it is odd that "I" am not sure whether her mother was the sister of My father or of My mother. The imaginary autobiography wavers between the two views. The scene is laid chiefly in France, and the story runs on conventional lines. The wicked cousin tries to win the heroine's fiancé, whereupon the heroine pushes her into a mountain torrent and then, repenting, plunges in to save her. The heroine's father is a studious recluse, her mother a society butterfly, and we seem to

have met all the characters before, and to have found them somewhat tedious. An Austrian artist ought not perhaps to be included in this generalisation, but when she becomes engaged to an English minor poet she ceases to attract.

"*The House of Barnkirk.*" By Amy McLaren. London: Duckworth. 1905. 6s.

"*The House of Barnkirk*" opens pleasantly, but the promise of the early chapters is not fulfilled. It is fairly entertaining and has several points of merit, but the plot is improbable and unpleasant, and the characters and action remain undeveloped, and leave an impression of emptiness and futility. But whatever may be Miss McLaren's deficiencies in the matters of plot-weaving and of incident, she has first the gift of writing natural conversation, though like most natural conversation it is not very brilliant or clever; and secondly she writes with evident knowledge of the doings of people "in society", which is more than can be said for some novelists.

"*Mop Fair.*" By Arthur N. Binstead. London: Sands. 1905. 6s.

This book is frankly suggestive and indecent. It aims presumably at giving a picture of ultra-fast life. Certainly its author seems to possess a unique knowledge of the seamy side, and these "elegant extracts from the private correspondence of Lady Viola Drumcree, the fatherless daughter of Feodorovna Countess of Chertsey", are not distinguished by a wholesome thought. Mr. Binstead has considerable cleverness, a perverted sense of humour, and a real talent for story-telling. His book is likely to be widely read.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"*Keltic Britain.*" By J. Rhys. Third Edition. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1905. 2s. 6d.

Professor Rhys has brought his little book of "*Keltic Britain*" up to date, and the reader will be impressed by his philosophical lore. As a work intended for beginners, however, the volume has its drawbacks. Neither the arrangement nor the style is to be commended, and we must we fear agree with the writer in the opinion expressed on his last page that all the ordinary reader's mind will retain (at least of the later pages) is a "somewhat confused picture of one wave of speech chasing another and forcing it to dash itself into oblivion on the western confines of the Aryan world". The most interesting and readable portion of the volume deals with the survival of Roman institutions in Britain after the departure of the legions. The three officials of the later empire in the island were the Count of Britain, the Count of the Saxon Shore in Britain and the Dux Britanniae. The Count of Britain soon disappeared; but the Count of the Saxon Shore may (so the Professor opines) be still with us in the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; while the Dux Britanniae developed into the Prince of Wales. Professor Rhys naturally has something to say of King Arthur. He insists that he is the hero of the Brythonic Kelts from Morbihan in Brittany to the Caledonian forests, while the Goidelic Kelts of Ireland know him not. A good deal of space is devoted to the Macbeth of history. The most disappointing part of the book is that which touches on Keltic religion—none the less because in a few casual remarks on St. David and his enemy the Pictish chief Boia the Professor shows that he has some ideas on the subject which if expressed at greater length might be interesting. He accepts the fact of the existence of a British Church under Roman rule; but says little of it, nor does he mention the Pelagian heresy. He repeats his old theory that Druidism was borrowed by the Kelts from the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, a view with which most modern Keltic scholars do not agree.

"*Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle.*" By Captain A. I. R. Glasfurd. London: Lane. 1905. 16s. net.

There is a freshness and vigour about "*Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle*" which lifts it well above the ordinary chronicle of the big-game shooter. The author has the knack of carrying his reader bodily into those realms of jungle and hillside which he himself so dearly loves. He is an observer and a naturalist, as well as a sportsman, and he imports at times into his narrative an air of mystery and of romance which adds greatly to the charm of his work. He is no mean hand at telling a yarn, and his tale of "*The Vengeance of Jhápoor the Gond*" is one of the best things of the sort we have read.

Captain Glasfurd is one of the more manly and less favoured shikaris of India who prefer quiet sport with a few trusty followers to the methods reserved for high officials and favoured tourists. He writes perhaps with a touch of acerbity of these methods, which enable "the pampered guest or courted globetrotter to recline at his ease in a comfortable machan (plush lined and otherwise sumptuously fitted in some instances), set down his half-finished champagne cup at a touch from his attendant, and murder the splendid brute that has been guided within easy range of his post by an army of fawning parasites, aided, in their turn, by the plucky unarmed beaters assembled to cater for the 'sport' of the Burra Sahib". This may be severe, yet it is a true picture. Ease and luxury are the ruin of real sport.

"*The Elements of Railway Economics.*" By W. M. Acworth. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1905. 2s. net.

The abstract science of transportation is one of considerable difficulty, and Mr. Acworth appears to be the only Englishman who thoroughly understands it and can find time to write books dealing with its problems. The present volume, he explains, is to be considered as merely an instalment or fragment of a much more elaborate work which he hopes to publish at some future date, and which no doubt to the expert will be of great value. Meanwhile the ordinary reader, if he will take the trouble really to master the figures here tabulated and the close reasoning to which they lead, will find the admirable little book now at his disposal make him quite sufficiently conversant with the subject. Mr. Acworth joins in the universal complaint as to the inadequacy of the statistics compiled by British railways, but by the help of illustrations taken from the practice of other countries he is able to set out his general principles clearly enough. The book consists of a sketch of the origin and development of railways as profit-making machines and treats in detail questions of expenditure and the means of earning income. Most of the propositions advanced, such as laying down an invariable rule that the larger the traffic to be carried the lower the rate at which it can be carried, will be accepted readily enough; but in discussing the question of rates and asserting that the only rational, or indeed the only possible, method of fixing them is that of "charging what the traffic will bear" Mr. Acworth is on controversial ground. To take one of his own instances, it may be perfectly sound business that American beef should only pay a rate of 25s. per ton between Liverpool and London while beef from a Cheshire or Staffordshire farm, which has not the advantage of sea competition, has to pay 40s. per ton for a shorter journey to the same market. But the British farmer can hardly be expected to welcome this view, and it may be that on reading such statements he will remember that besides being an authority on railway matters Mr. Acworth is also a barrister, and will wish that some equally skilled advocate would come forward to put the case as it appears to the man who has to pay on the higher scale.

"*Dizionario Moderno: supplemento ai Dizionari Italiani.*" By Alfredo Panzini. Milan: Hoepli. 1905. Lire 6.50.

This is a timely work, useful to the Italian, useful beyond measure to the stranger struggling to get at home in the lingo spoken by the ordinary run of people in the Peninsula (dialects apart). The Tuscan tongue has been jealously fenced in by pedagogues and pedants, sedulously manipulated by stylists and purists, and ponderously inflated by euphuists and rhetoricians. But in spite of precaution, manipulation and inflation, the conditions of modern life, for better or for worse, are tumultuously overflowing the sacred precincts of the Crusca, and if the written language maintains much of the ponderous influence of the ancient canons, the spoken language is being invaded by something like slang. In this indispensable work, put together by a man of large mind and wide sympathies, not altogether destitute of a sense of humour, we have an endeavour to supplement the "Vocabolario degli Accademici", and to give us an explanation of the many scientific technical and foreign words, the many words incident upon politics, journalism, fashion, sport, the theatre, the kitchen, which have broken down classical barriers in the march of what it is the custom to call progress. We may approve or disapprove the invasion: but as a fact it exists, and must therefore be grappled with, and he who would feel at home in Italian politics, at Italian sportive gatherings, with his Italian morning paper, cannot, whether he be Italian or foreigner, dispense with Signor Panzini's indispensable supplement to the "lingua parlata". The proportion of English words is extraordinarily large—one notes with amusement the delightfully classical-looking regular verb, flirto, flirtare—and enables us to realise the very considerable influence which modern England has had upon modern Italy. The definitions of the English words often leave room for improvement, notably in that greatest of stumbling blocks to foreigners, so simple to ourselves, the word "lord". Naturally a book of the kind can only be tentative in its first edition, but it seems to us wonderfully complete on the whole, and Signor Panzini by its publication has rendered a real service to all who are living under the social and public complexities of life in modern Italy.

"*Mirabeau and the French Revolution.*" By Charles F. Warwick. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1905. 10s. 6d. net.

Do these American books on history and literature really find a public in England and if not why are they published here in such large numbers? Most English authors and publishers of books at least equal to Mr. Warwick's know how hopeless it is to get into the American market. If they sell at a bare profit a hundred or two hundred and fifty copies of a book they are fortunate indeed. Yet American books which surely nobody here really needs are constantly reaching us. We want Emerson and to a lesser extent we want Thoreau but we have not the least need for American books on history and literature. Mr. Warwick's book on Mirabeau is passable enough: it is even interesting in parts—it is barely possible to write on Mirabeau and his period and contemporaries without being interesting—but it contains absolutely nothing new in fact so far as we have observed, and it is certainly not distinguished for form or point of view or imagination. It contains capital quotations from Lamartine, Taine and other writers on the Revolution, but we can read them with greater profit and pleasure in the original. The illustrations are ridiculous and exasperating: they remind one of some of the most fantastic in the early editions of Dickens' novels. Marie Antoinette in bed in a pet protesting against the importunity of her ladies in waiting, who are passing her chemises from hand to hand, is quite one of the worst of these. It is turning history into a child's picture book.

"*Robert Browning.*" By C. H. Herford. *Modern English Writers.* London: Blackwood. 1905. 2s. 6d.

"*Browning.*" By Sir F. F. Marzials. London: Bell. 1905. 1s.

The bibliography of Browning—it reached 22 close pages in Mr. Sharp's "Life" fifteen years ago—grows beyond all reckoning; and we can find no new thing in any of the latest additions. Mr. Herford seems to us one of the most philosophic of his admirers and for a professor of literature remarkably free from accepted views as such; and he has a gift of selection and juxtaposed selection which remarkably increases the pleasure of reading this sort of criticism. But the scheme of the book runs parallel with how many others. We read Mr. Herford with pleasure, but we also read with pleasure Professor Dowden. Except that it is cheap Sir Frank Marzials' little book has less place. Browning in 100 small pages is "the oak in a flowerpot". But the book is skilfully compressed and if it were not for the critical chapter—twelve pages devoted to "style and artistry"—would be in itself a workmanlike effort; and the bibliography is good and useful.

"*Bret Harte.*" By H. J. Boynton. London: Heinemann. 1905. 1s. 6d.

People who enjoy Bret Harte as the author of a few of the very best of short stories and humorous verses will wish this little book had not been published. It is of the nature of Carlyle and Stevenson revelations: a great part of it no better than a captious girding at Bret Harte's morality: his debts, his neglect of duty, his departure from his family. The spasms of the moral sense in the biographer extend even to Bret Harte's style: "His style lacks firmness and consistency much as his life lacked those qualities; it lacks refinement, precisely as his nature lacked refinement." We do not agree with the verdict or inference. If Mr. Boynton were to write of Caesar he would probably deny him greatness because his debts in Rome reached five figures; and this straining at moral rectitude produces a parody of Bret Harte, both as man and author, which is hardly less excusable.

"*The Life of Benjamin Franklin.*" Written by Himself. *Temple Autobiographies.* London: Dent. 1905. 3s. 6d.

Habent et sua fata libelli. The MS. of Franklin's autobiography has a history only less interesting than Franklin and the story of the long delay in publication is one of the great mysteries of the publishing profession. In France, where Franklin always got the admiration he missed in America, the delay aroused astonishing excitement, and it is still a question whether his grandson suppressed much of the material. It is still surprising to know that the full and authentic text of the autobiography has never before been printed in England. Mr. Macdonald completes the life from the point where the autobiography ceases and makes a readable historical sketch. But it is perhaps needlessly long, a third of the book, though we admit that no writer of his own life ever omitted more of his own virtues than Franklin.

"*The Life and Times of General Sir James Browne R.E. K.C.B. K.C.S.I.*" By General Macleod Innes V.C. London: Murray. 1905. 18s. net.

General Browne was a fine type of Engineer officer, who did excellent work in India and elsewhere. But his career was not more distinguished than those of many others who have rendered signal service to the Empire in many parts of the world. In any case it is hardly worth 358 pages; nor is it we fear likely that this work will be of much interest to the general public. But no doubt it is a great pleasure to retired

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officers in enforced inactivity to prepare such works—in this case particularly well done—and such praiseworthy labour deserves every encouragement.

"*Diversions Day by Day.*" By E. F. Benson and Eustace Miles. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1905. 4s.

Granting that a man has nothing in his head worth thinking about some of these recommendations how to divert ourselves in towns are perhaps justified. Mr. Miles, if we may separate the authors, suggests that we should make walks interesting by treading on the divisions of paving stones, clicking the tops of coal-holes, dodging strangers on the pavement and such games known to most children. We heard the complaint the other day that games had robbed the "new man" of the power of enjoying a walk; and Mr. Miles seems to take it as established that his proselytising efforts have made a mere walk dull beyond recovery. All that is written about ball-games and how to improvise them is ingenious; but it is possible to get as much profit and pleasure out of a walk, say, to Battersea Park to see the flowering ailanthus as from threading a diagonal route along Piccadilly. Man has eyes and ears as well as arms and legs, and that is what this cult of "physical regenerationists" are apt to forget.

"*La Légende de Koci Tseu Mou Chen.*" Peinture de Li-Long-Mien. (Annales du Musée Guimet. Bibliothèque d'Art; tome I.) Paris: Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts, Emile Lévy, éditeur. 1905. 15 fr.

The publication of this charming Chinese roll—probably a very ancient copy of a celebrated original of the eleventh century—forms a most highly interesting contribution to the history of art in the extreme East. The facsimile is perfection itself, but the text is unfortunately rather poor, and does not even explain the very complicated details of the picture.

"*Prisons, Police and Punishment.*" By Edward Carpenter. London: Fifield. 1905. 2s. net.

That prison reform really means social reform may well express the teaching of this book. The writer has much to say in praise of the Commissioners for the improvements they have brought about. Much the most hopeful feature of these changes is their essentially constructive character. But prisons remain places of punishment, and punishment, in the author's view, should be regarded as a barbarous survival. Beneath the pomp and learning of the law, he sees the old savage instinct of retaliation working; disguised in forms systematised and slow, but ever there and underlying all. Punishment sprang from passion, not expediency. It is always found spontaneously in operation, justification is attempted afterwards. Thus in the old days even stocks and stones were objects of legitimate attack, moral responsibility was indeed imputed to any agent by which injury was caused; we see this clearly in the laws on Deodands. That punishment came from impulse, not through method, is indicated from the way in which we find it has been used. Invisible demons, manifest lunatics, animals, corpses, and inanimate things were sometimes punished after formal trial. Not because any positive result could reasonably be expected, but because such proceedings gratified revenge. These facts throw light upon the origin of penal processes, but questions as to what end they now serve, and what deterrents we must still retain, to protect people against force and fraud, cannot be argued in the space allowed. Some of the ideas in the book may seem utopian; Mr. Carpenter's criticism of our social system is scathing and revolutionary, but with his breadth of view he is never shallow, with all his idealism he retains his sanity.

"*A History of Accountancy and Accounts.*" By Richard Brown. Edinburgh and London: Jack. 1905. 10s. 6d. net.

Now that the practice of accountancy has assumed its true importance in the opinion of the public, the appearance of this work is most opportune. The author traces the keeping of accounts back to the early civilisations of Babylon and Egypt, records of business transactions in the latter case dating from 5004 B.C. The history of auditing in England goes back to the reign of Edward III. as can be proved from the records of the Livery Companies of London, but the professional auditor sprang into existence only about fifty years ago; in regard to double entry book-keeping we are indebted to Italy, it being met with in Genoa in 1340 A.D. The author devotes several chapters to the formation of Societies of Accountants in the British Islands, the Colonies and the United States, with particular reference to the Scotch Society in commemoration of its fiftieth anniversary, also another chapter to foreign countries, and winds up with a review of the accountancy profession for the last fifty years and speculations as to its future. In reviewing this work the principal thing that strikes us is the monumental task undertaken in reproducing facsimiles of numerous old documents illustrating primitive methods of account keeping which have had to be obtained from foreign sources, thus revealing the author as painstaking in the highest degree, and we therefore recommend this book for its historical interest.

(Continued on page 852.)

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APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

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Assets	-	£9,014,532
Payment under Policies	-	£20,474,666

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JAMES H. SCOTT,
General Manager and Secretary.

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PAID IN CLAIMS . More than £12,400,000

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ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

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TOTAL FUNDS exceed	- - - - -	£13,062,125

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LIBERAL POLICY CONDITIONS.

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FIRE. **LIFE.** **ANNUITIES.**
ACCIDENT. **FIDELITY GUARANTEE.** **BURGLARY.**

Total Assets	£4,353,943
Annual Revenue	£1,177,773

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8 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

and at the Branch Offices and Agencies of the Society.

APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

"Nuremberg." Painted by Arthur G. Bell and Described by Mrs. Arthur G. Bell. London: Black. 1905. 20s. net.

This book is illustrated with charming drawings which are admirably selected to give a complete idea of the picturesque sites and buildings of Nuremberg. Unfortunately the colouring too often fails to improve the drawings, for the colours are often so brilliant as to give the reader anything but a correct idea of the general tone of the city which is not as represented here but grey and subdued. The letterpress is hardly adequate but the writer has conscientiously worked at it; it is not mere scribbling to fill up pages between the pictures as is too often the case with this kind of work. She has not, however, grasped the glory of Nuremberg in its relation to German writers, and is too fond of reproducing childish "legends" at considerable length.

"Revue des Deux Mondes," 15 Juin.

Madame Bentzon has an article which her English friends will no doubt read with mixed feelings. She describes therein a visit to London out of the season and to various country houses in the vicinity of Ascot. Naturally she has nothing but what is kind to say of her various hosts and hostesses but her eulogy is sometimes of so pronounced a nature as to expose them to a certain amount of good-tempered banter. We may note an interesting reminiscence of conversations with Mr. Henry James who is of opinion that French and English can never arrive at a real understanding of one another, any union being impossible between two civilisations equally refined but established on foundations altogether opposed. Madame Bentzon thinks that the extreme subtlety of Mr. James' mind causes him to exaggerate the differences and that his talent will benefit from his American trip, in which he is on a kind of voyage of discovery in his native country. There he will plunge anew into what he calls "sauvagerie" and his great abilities will return fortified by a puff of free air. We shall certainly all await with interest the result of Mr. James' experiences; but has he openly spoken of American "sauvagerie"? We pity him if this article reaches New York or Boston before he quits them. Madame Bentzon's remarks on the Tate collection are neither original nor critical.

For this Week's Books see page 854.

THE POPULAR
SCOTCH
IS
"BLACK & WHITE"
WHISKY.

33rd YEAR.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY

JUNE 25th, 1905.

Patron - HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President and Treasurer: The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR.

£25,000

HAS BEEN OFFERED to the METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND by Mr. George Herring, who has promised to add 5s. to every sovereign raised this year in Places of Worship or in the City, up to a total of £100,000.

This means that the Hospitals can receive £125,000 towards the maintenance of their patients (not anything for building).

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THE DONOR HAS ALLOWED THE SECRETARY TO STATE THAT THE MONEY CONTRIBUTED IN ANSWER TO THE SPECIAL APPEAL TO CITY MEN WILL BE TREATED BY HIM IN THE SAME MANNER AS IF SENT THROUGH A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

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From May 6 to June 17.

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AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE CLUB RACES, at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, U.S.A., May 6:—

Event No. 1.—Winner, 30 h.p. Daimler.

Event No. 4.—Second Place, 30 h.p. Daimler.

SCOTTISH TOURING TRIALS, May 11 to 13, Spittle-of-Glenhee Hill Climb:—

30 h.p. Daimler made fastest time.

ROYAL NORTH OF IRELAND YACHT CLUB, May 6, Hill Climb at Cultra, County Down:—

Class I.—Daimler, First Prize.

DERBY AND DISTRICT AUTOMOBILE CLUB, Hill Climbing Competition, May 27:—

Fastest time by 30 h.p. Daimler.

Second fastest time by 18 h.p. Daimler.

HUDDERSFIELD CLUB, Hill Climb, May 27:—

Fastest time by 28 h.p. Daimler.

SOUTH HARTING, Hill Climb, Saturday, June 10:—

First place, in the fastest time, won by a 30 h.p. Daimler.

Second place also won by another 30 h.p. Daimler.

FILEY, June 12:—

Kirk Trophy won by a Daimler.

BEXHILL RACE MEETING, June 14:—

Class C.—28 h.p. Daimler, First.

Class D.—30 h.p. Daimler, First.

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24 June, 1905

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24 June, 1905

The Saturday Review.

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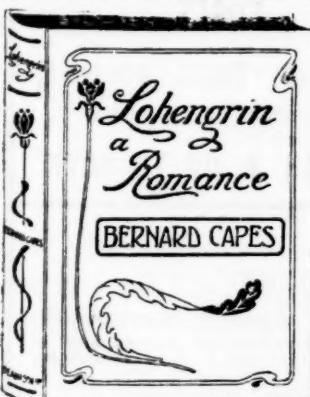
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